

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The Joint Office of SECRETARY of the Photographic Society and EDITOR of its Journal will shortly be VACANT.

Candidates may receive information as to Duties and Salary on application at the Rooms of the Society, 1, New Coventry-street, Piccadilly.

Testimonials must be sent in on or before Saturday, the 17th inst.

By order of the Council.

WILLIAM CROOKES, Secretary.

GENTLEWOMEN, during illness, may, for a small weekly payment, receive the comforts of a HOME, combined with the best Medical and Surgical Treatment, at the Hospital of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Eye, which was opened in 1800, is patronized by Her Majesty, The Bishop of London is Visitor, and it is managed personally by Lady Wood, the Lady Caroline Farmer, the Lady Laura Palmer, Mrs. Guthrie, Mrs. Thomson Hankey, and other Ladies.

All expenses are to be paid by the patient, on personal application to the Lady Superintendent. Subscriptions received at the Institution; and by the Treasurer, E. MARSHBANK, Junr. Esq. 59, Strand.

W. C. SPRING RICE, Hon. Sec.

SPRING VALE HOUSE, Walsall, Staffordshire.—The Rev. Dr. GORDON has a VACANCY for ONE or TWO PARLOUR BOARDERS after the Midsummer Vacation, to be fitted for Commercial life or the learned Professions. Young Gentlemen desirous of receiving an education in England received.—Terms on application.

MAJOR BOTHMER, late B.G. Legion, having been brought up in the Military School in Germany, speaks German, French, and English, and of obtaining PUPILS who are not instructed in Modern Languages. Major Bothmer would also give instruction to Young Gentlemen about the Army on different subjects connected with Military education.—2, Highbury Park North, near London.

BLACKHEATH PROPRIETARY SCHOOL.

—Mons. R. SUEUR, a man of great Proficiency in French at the age of 10, now receives PUPILS of all ages. Boarders at his residence, 9, Montpelier-row; he has a few vacancies. Terms, 60 Guineas per annum, including laundry and seat in church.—References are kindly permitted to the Rev. Joseph Penn, the Rev. H. J. Shewell, the Principal of the School; and Andrew Bradburn, Esq., Blackheath.

The School will re-open on Thursday, August 5.

PROTESTANT EDUCATION in PARIS.

—31, Rue de Chateaubriand, Champs Elysées.—**ANGLO-FRENCH INSTITUTION** for YOUNG LADIES, under the patronage of Bishop Spencer, and of several Members of the Reformed Church of France and England. (M. D. M. O. M. E.) formed in the beginning of August, and returning to Paris in September, when she will be happy to take charge of any Pupils committed to her care.—Prospects may be had at Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. Cornhill; and any further particulars from Madame Luscombe, 21, Rue de Chateaubriand.

EDUCATION in GERMANY.—BONN-ON-THE-RHINE—Mr. MORSBACH, Principal of an Establishment at Bonn, will be in England next week on his annual visit, when he will be happy to see the Friends of his English Pupils, and attend to new inquiries.—Messrs. DICKINSON, 14, New Bond-street, will supply references or Prospects, and give any necessary information.

EDUCATION in GERMANY.—BONN-ON-THE-RHINE—ANGLO-GERMAN ESTABLISHMENT for YOUNG GENTLEMEN.—The Principal, Herr THOMAS, has some VACANCIES, and proposes to be in London early in July, to have them to English Pupils, during his confinement.

Herr Thomas can accompany Herr Thomas on his return to Bonn.—Address Herr THOMAS, Coblenz Strasse, Bonn; or Messrs. Dulau & Co. Foreign Booksellers, 37, Soho-square.

ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.—Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Persian, Arabic, and Modern Greek, and Russian, taught in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, by a first-rate Linguist. Reference given.—Address Mr. SMITH, care of Mr. Madden, Oriental Bookseller, 3, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

EDUCATION.—There are now THREE

VACANCIES at an Establishment where a limited number of the Daughters of Gentlemen only are received. Conducted upon the most approved system of modern private tuition, exclusively upon Church of England principles, and combining the advantages of English and Continental instruction. The Principal, who is a Gentleman of the highest rank, is assisted by English and Foreign resident Governesses, and eminent Masters attend for every accomplishment. The residence is desirably situate. The terms moderate. Reference to numerous Clergymen, and other heads of families.—It is requested letters may state particulars, and be addressed to the Principal, Upton House, near Slough, Bucks.

TO GRADUATES OF OXFORD.—WANTED,

in a School of high standing in the neighbourhood of London, a SENIOR CLASSICAL MASTER, resident or non-resident, as may be required. Age from 20 to 35. Classical honours and proficiency in Latin Composition required.—Address R. B., Mr. George Phillips's Library, Kingston, S.W.

BRIGHTON PARLOUR BOARDERS.—At a first-class School at Kemp Town a few YOUNG LADIES are received, who, in addition to sea air and kind surveillance, enjoy the society of a learned and intellectual society, with the opportunity of taking Lessons in any accomplishments.—Address E. P., Hammond's Post Office, Brighton.

HYDROPATHY.—Moor Park, Farham, Surrey, three miles from the Camp at Aldershot. Physician, Edward W. Lane, M.A., M.D.

HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—Sudbrook Park, near Richmond, Surrey.—The treatment is safe for Infancy and Age, and is absolutely agreeable. Thousands of sufferers have been cured when all other curative means had failed.

JAMES ELLIS, M.D.

THE PRESS.—A steady experienced REPORTER (verbally) desires a RE-ENGAGEMENT.—Address T. W. H., West Bar Terrace, Banbury.

A GENTLEMAN, accustomed to Literary occupation, who intends shortly to proceed to Berlin, Leipzig, and other parts of Prussia and Germany, is desirous of procuring a CONNEXION with a Newspaper or Journal, as Correspondent.—Particulars may be learned on application to B., care of Mr. Somerville, Bookseller, 18, Spring-gardens, Edinburgh.

BRUSSELS.—FRENCH and GERMAN BOARDING SCHOOL for YOUNG GENTLEMEN.—Apply for information, terms, and prospectus to M. LECER, Head Master, Chaussee de Wavre, Ixelles, Brussels.—Reference to the Rev. Z. H. MARSHALL, Blackheath.

FRENCH, Italian, German.—9, Old Bond-street.—Dr. ALTSCHUL, Author of "First German Reading-Book," dedicated, by special permission, to Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, &c. M. Philological Society, Professor of Eloquence.—TWO LANGUAGES TAUGHT in the same lesson, or alternately, on the same Terms as One, at the Pupil's or as his own choice, in a separate room, or in a large room, in which there are separate CLASSES for Ladies and Gentlemen. Preparation (in languages) for mercantile and ordinary pursuits of life, the Universities, Army, Navy, and Civil Service Examination.

MISS AUGUSTA MANNING begs to inform her Friends and the Public that she continues to give INSTRUCTION in SINGING and the PIANOFORTE.—Application for terms to be made at her residence, 45, Connaught-terrace, Hyde Park.

EDUCATION.—In an OLD-ESTABLISHED SCHOOL for the Daughters of Gentlemen, in the delightful city of Limerick, where the terms are strictly moderate, there are now VACANCIES for the comfort of the Pupil's parents, who are offered, combined with a sound English education, under the immediate superintendence of the Principal. Accomplishment by Resident Teachers and Professors. Every attention is paid to the religious and moral training and health of the pupils, who are taught to play the piano-forte, &c. &c. and are situated near the Victoria Park. References given to the parents of pupils and the local clergy.—Address C. P., care of Mr. SIMMS, Librarian, 13, George-street, Bath.

A PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN and his LADY, resident in a healthy part of Manchester, will be glad to undertake the care of TWO YOUTH, whose Parents or Guardians may desire to secure them, while pursuing STUDY or COMMERCE, a comfortable Home with the advantages of good society. The Advertiser has a large house and no family. Terms 60 for one, and 120 for two brothers, including board and all other expenses, excepting postage. Address L. G., care of Mr. Bradshaw, Stationer, Broad-street, Pendleton, Manchester.

TO SCHOOL ASSISTANTS.—RELIEF BROTHERS' REGISTERS are NOW OPEN, and they require well-qualified and respectable Assistants (Ladies as well as Gentlemen) to fill up vacancies in their Names. No charge of any kind is made. Office hours 10 to 4 o'clock.—10, Aldergate-street, E.C.

FORTIFICATION, MILITARY DRAWING and LANDSCAPE PAINTING.—Mr. FAHEY (whose Pupils have won the highest Honour at the Military Colleges of Woolwich and Addiscombe), has by recent arrangement a portion of time disengaged.—For terms, address to 95, Drayton-grove, Old Brompton, S.W.

PARTNERSHIP or Otherwise.—A Young Man, of Literary Tastes, and desirous of profitable Employment of time and capital to the amount of 1,000, or 1,500, can be received as PARTNER or otherwise. References exchanged.—Address J. A., care of Mr. GARNETT, 75, Gracechurch-street, E.C.

LITERACY.—A handsome DOUCEUR is offered for procuring an ENGAGEMENT for an able Writer, qualified for any department, and author of publications recommended by the press. The highest references.—Address J. W., Euston-road, N.W. Only letters with name, or appointing interview, attended to.

COPYRIGHT and MS. for SALE.—The AUTHOR of a spirited TEA is desirous of meeting with a PURCHASER.—Apply HENRICKS, care of Mr. WYLD, Reading-rooms, Leicester-square.

BANK OF DEPOSIT, 3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.—Established 1814.

Parties desirous of investing Money are requested to examine the Plan of the Bank of Deposit, by which a high rate of interest may be obtained with ample security.

The Interest is payable in January and July.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.

NOTICE of DIVIDEND.

BANK OF DEPOSIT, 3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.

The WARRANTS for the HALF-YEARLY INTEREST on Deposit Accounts, to the 30th June, will be ready for delivery on and after the 10th proximo, and payable daily between the hours of 10 and 4. Present rate of interest, 5 per cent. per annum. June 29, 1858. PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Prospects and Forms sent free on application.

NOTICE of DIVIDEND.

MR. B. H. SMITH continues to INSTRUCT

CLERICAL and other PUPILS in ELOCUTION, to attend Classes for English generally, and to engage for Reading.—The Introduction to Grammar on its true Basis, with Relation to Logic and Rhetoric, &c. of all Book-sellers.

37, Wyndham-street, Bryanstone-square, W.

LAKE WINDERMERE HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, WESTMORELAND.

Proprietor—E. L. HUDSON, M.R.C.S.

Prospects may be had on application to the Surgeon of the House.

MONUMENTAL BRASSES and TABLETS, Ecclesiastical, Corporate, Official, and Private Seals, Dies, Stamps, and Diplomas Plates in Medieval and Modern Styles, Arms sought for: Sketch, 2s. 6d. in colour, 5s. painted on vellum, 2s. Create on Seals or Rings, 2s. Monograms and Heraldic Devices, created in correct style. Solid gold, 18 carat, Hall-marked, Sand or Bloodstone, Hair-work, Crosses, &c. 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. and Great-dear, one guinea. Illustrated price list, post free. T. MORIN, Engraver and Heraldic Artist (who has received the gold medal for Engraving, 44, High Holborn, W.C.

GUARANTEED PICTURES by LIVING ARTISTS for SALE, at very moderate prices, at MOBBY'S Picture-Frame Manufactory, 63, Bishopsgate-street, Within.

Specimens of Prints, Pictures, Landscapes, by Lewis, Whymper, Collingwood Smith, Niemann, Sidney Percy, G. Cole, E. Hayes, Shayer, Henderson, Hall, W. Bennett, Rose, John Absolon, Horlor, J. W. Allen, Armitell, Meadows, Morgan, Wainwright, Bromley, Soper, Shadwell, A. W. E. C. and Walter Williams, &c. Miniature Portraits, &c. &c. &c. Wilk, Hamson, Bates, Fuller, Hawkes, Waits, &c. Cornices, Girandoles, Looking-glasses, and Frames. Repairing and re-gilding.

TO MEDICAL PUBLISHERS and Others.—

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the AUGUST NUMBER of the DUBLIN QUARTERLY JOURNAL of MEDICAL SCIENCE, are respectfully requested by the 23rd inst.; BILLS by the 24th.

Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill, 20, Upper Sackville-street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC JOURNAL.—ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the next Number should be sent to the Publishers on or before July 17.

Taylor & Francis, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street.

LIVERPOOL and MANCHESTER PHOTOGRAPHIC JOURNAL, edited by GEORGE SHADWELL, will be published on the 1st and 15th of each Month.—ADVERTISEMENTS to the Publishers on or before the 1st of JULY, should be sent not later than the 15th inst. to the Publisher, HENRY GREENWOOD, 32, Castle-street, Liverpool.

SCHOOL PREMISES.—TO LET, on lease, a LARGE HOUSE, with Pleasure Grounds, &c., a building in a healthy neighbourhood, near Manchester, and well adapted for a Girls' or Ladies' School. The place is worthy the attention of a Lady of moderate capital and good connexions, who wishes to remove her School to the vicinity of Manchester. Possession may be had either immediately or at the end of three or six months from the present time.—Address (post paid) Y. X., Post-office, Manchester.

MOVEMENT-CURE ESTABLISHMENTS in LONDON and BRIGHTON, under the superintendence of DR. ROTH.—For particulars address to 16, 14, Old Cavendish-street, or 1, Gloucester-place, Brighton.—Dr. Roth's Works on the "Movement-Cure" and Scientific Gymnastics to be obtained at Groome & Sons, &c., Paternoster-row; and all respectable Booksellers.

COLLARD & COLLARD PICCOLO (Second-hand), price 1s., at R. COOK & CO.'S, 4, King-street, Cheap-side, City, N.B. There is always a good selection of first-class Piccolos to be had, and the above price is a moderate one; the instrument may be had at a moderate price. Piccolos for hire from 1s. per month.

COMPETENT PHOTOGRAPHERS sent out with APPARATUS for the day, at an exceedingly moderate charge, from M. S. 5s. to 2s. Coloured, Vignetted, and of large size, at the London School of Photography, Myddleton Hall, N.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.—Reduced in price from M. S. 5s. to 2s. Coloured, Vignetted, and of large size, at the London School of Photography, Myddleton Hall, N.

"Family Portraits" from 2s. 6d. to 1s. 6d.

"Family Registers" kept at 1s. 6d. per annum.

REMOVAL.—Mons. LOUIS PHILIPPE F. DE PORQUET, Author of "Le Trésor," and of seventy other works.—MOVED to No. 14, TAIVISTOCK-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN, solicits an early application from Governesses and Teachers. Families and Heads of Schools in want of Governesses and Teachers.—The attention of Heads of Schools is invited to the above gentleman, who, for the last twenty-five years, has been honoured with the patronage of the highest families and educational establishments in the United Kingdom. An extensive correspondence with the Continent of Europe enables Mons. F. de Porquet to supply every particular required by a student connected with Education. Terms of the best schools, both in England and on the Continent, may be had on application. Office hours from 11 to 4.

"No Connection with any other house in the street assuming the same name.

NOVEL and BEAUTIFUL WORKS of ART.—Alto-Bellies in Copper, Bronzed, and in Gold and Silver, by the Electro Process, forming elegant ornaments in Frames or otherwise, for the Drawing-Room, Library, &c. A series of Battles, Sieges, &c., in Metal, will be made, and a series of Masters, &c., will be made, at a great expense, NOW ON VIEW, at 391, Strand, where the nobility, gentry, and leaven of the Fine Arts are respectfully invited to inspect them.

The attention of architects and first-class Contractors is especially invited, who will be seen eligible for insertion in Panels, Furniture, &c. While their extremely moderate price renders them particularly appropriate for such purposes.

Various Specimens, Price, and all particulars, can be obtained on application at the Electro-Bronze Gallery, No. 391, Strand (four doors west of Southampton-street).

H. CHALON, Secretary.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY of CANADA.—Notice is hereby given, that Interest on the Preference Bonds of the Debentures of the Company, will be paid on the 1st day of January, and on the 1st day of July, to the Holders of the same, by the Company. Messrs. Glyn, Mills & Co., 67, Lombard-street, on and after the 1st proximo. The preference Bond Certificates must be deposited at this Office on and after the 1st proximo. They will be returned after three days, with Warrant for the Interest paid thereon.

Notice is hereby also given, that an Instalment of 20s. on each of the above-named Preference Bond Certificates has been called, and will be due and payable on Tuesday, the 20th of July, 1858. The Certificates, with the amount, must be presented at the Bankers of the Company, above.

Six per cent. Interest will be charged on all such instalments not paid at the above date, and so long as they remain in arrear. No interest will be payable on the instalments already paid. Interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum will be paid on all sums remaining unpaid, until called for.

Holders have the option of paying any amount in advance; and if they pay up in full, of at once, receiving Debenture Bonds with Coupons attached.

On the order of the Board of Directors.

21, Old Broad-street, London, E.C. C. P. RONEY, Secretary.

June 19th, 1858.

THE STEREOSCOPE.—SAUNDERS'S UNIVERSAL CIRCULATING LIBRARY of STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES, 26, Poultry, London. Subscribers 3s. per month may have the Pictures sent to them, or may receive them at the Library, 26, Poultry, London, or at the Library, 26, Poultry, without further charge, or by book post for 2d. each way.—Prospectuses gratis.

NEW AMERICAN BOOKS.—Imports received every week, and include all the New Books of interest, arrived, or about to arrive, from America, and any Work not in stock will be obtained within six weeks of order.

* * * Just published, price £ complete, or in classified divisions, £ each, post free. The AMERICAN CATALOGUE; or, English and American Authors and their Works, for the year 1858, with the size, number of pages, and date of publication of Works published in the United States since 1800, with the price at which they may be obtained in London. A comprehensive Index of Subjects and Authors appears.

London: Sampson Low, Son & Co. 47, Ludgate-hill, English, American, and Colonial Booksellers and Publishers.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS
MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

THE NEW ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN, late at Stamford Hill.—The OPENING of the NEW BUILDING, at COULSDON, near CROYDON, will take place on WEDNESDAY, July 14, 1858. The Right Hon. the EARL OF CARLISLE K.G., has kindly consented to preside at the Public Breakfast at Two o'clock. Tickets for the Breakfast (Guinea each) and for the opening of the Asylum, or at the Office of the Charity. Special Trains will be provided, and will run to and from the estate at reduced rates. They will leave the Brighton London Bridge Station at One, and return at Six o'clock. The charges for Return Tickets will be Five shillings, and for a single, Two shillings, and will run hourly to Croydon, which is about three miles from the estate.

Ladies having Purse to present, and other persons holding Sealed Tickets, will have Reserved Seats.

Ladies may be supplied with Purse at the Office; and every Five Guineas so collected will entitle the Lady to a Life Vote.

The Band of the Coldstream Guards will be in attendance.

No admission without tickets.

Subscriptions most thankfully received. Post-offices Orders and all Correspondence to be addressed to Mr. John Cuner, Sub-Secretary, at the Office of the Charity.

D. W. WIRE,
Office, 10, Poultry.

THOS. W. AVELING, &c.

THE THOM FUND.—The COMMITTEE connected with the FUND for the Benefit of the late WILLIAM THOM, the Inventory Post, deem it necessary to lay the abridged short account of their stewardship before the public.

On the death of the Post's Widow, which took place in 1842, a few months after his own, the three surviving children were committed to the care of Mr. George Thompson, a relative of their mother, and Post-Eldest, of Aldershot, near Newbury. From him they have received every kindness and attention. They have been in constant attendance on the Parish School in the village, and are receiving there a good plain education. The Post's widow died in 1842, and it was felt that the children till they should be fit to support themselves, the Committee have arranged that as each arrives at the age of sixteen, they shall be sent to service. The respective ages of the three girls are fifteen, thirteen, and eleven years.

Postage and other received Donations and Collections £262 17 5

Bank interest, &c., 33 3 8

Profit on some copies of the late W. Thom's Poems 6 4 9

They have paid to the family £229 9 10

Expenses connected with the Funeral 15 8 1

£334 17 12

Leaving a balance of £29 7 11

This sum is all we believe sufficient to support them till they have each reached the age of sixteen. That the Committee do not print a list of the donations they received arose from their desire to save as much as possible for the family. They cannot but, in fine, gratefully acknowledge the services of their Treasurer, Mr. Thompson, who was very faithful, and always discharged his office, and not only remitted the allowance to the family, but was present in his inquiries after his efforts to serve them. GEORGE GILFILLAN, Chairman.

Dundee, 20th June, 1858.

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E., is adapted for First-Class Mercantile Instruction.

Every Pupil is, as far as possible, well grounded in English, made to write a hand fit for business, and trained to account, while the Modern Languages, Chemistry, and Mechanics are also thoroughly taught.

Terms moderate and favourable.

Divisions of the School Year equal.

SCHOOL RE-OPENS JULY 19.

N.B. During the past year Youths from the upper division have been received into some of the largest mercantile, manufacturing, and engineering firms in the kingdom.

MILL HILL SCHOOL, Hendon, Middlesex.—Head Master, Rev. PHILIP SMITH, B.A., assisted by Staff Master, Rev. J. C. COOPER.

The NEXT SESSION BEGINS on the 4th of August.

Terms, 40 Guineas for Boys under 11 years; for Boys above that age, 50 Guineas.

Prospects on application to the Head Master or Resident Secretary at the School, or the Hon. Secretary at Founders' Hall, St. Swithin's, London.

(Signed) T. M. COOMBS, Esq., Treasurer.

ALGERNON WELLS, Hon. Sec.

Rev. T. REES, Resident Secretary.

MR. TENNANT, F.G.S., gives PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS to Ladies and Gentlemen in GEOLOGY and MINERALOGY, illustrated by an extensive Collection of Minerals, Rocks, and Fossils, at 149, Strand, London.

A GENTLEMAN wishes to meet with a MIDDLE-AGED LADY to ACCOMPANY HIS SON, an INVALID, to the South of Italy. A Clergyman's Widow, who has brought up a son, and who, from her age, and infirmities, attending on invalids, would be preferred.—Letters, stating particulars, to be addressed to P. P. Mr. Forrester, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, W.

GOOD OPENING for a FIRST-CLASS BOYS' SCHOOL—TO BE SOLD OR LET, LEAVING the PREMISES well inclosed Play-ground, situated in a large, well situated at Stony Knott, Higher Broughton, near Manchester, some time since occupied as a Boarding and Day School by Dr. Beard, and now tenanted by Mr. Etienne.—Inquire of Dr. Beard, Lower Broughton, Manchester.

Sales by Auction

Prints, Drawings, Paintings, Photographs, &c.

PUTTICK & SIMPSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property, will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 191, Piccadilly, on WEDNESDAY, July 21, a COLLECTION of ENGRAVINGS of all Classes and Periods, numerous interesting Portraits, Works of Sir J. Leyendecker, curious old Caricatures, choice large Photographic Works, Colours, Drawings, Handbills, Fac-similes of Drawings in Chromo-Lithography, &c. Catalogues on receipt of two stamps.

Autograph Letters, Garrick Correspondence, &c.

PUTTICK & SIMPSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property, will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 191, Piccadilly, on THURSDAY, July 22, a COLLECTION of AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, STATION PAPERS, and other Documents. The Autographs include specimens of Benjamin Franklin, S. T. Coleridge, Lord Nelson, some interesting Letters of, and works by, Dr. Johnson, and Shakespeare Forgeries (originals), and other letters of men eminent in the various branches of Literature, Science, the Arts, Drama, &c. Catalogues on receipt of two stamps.

Books from various Select Libraries.

PUTTICK & SIMPSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property, will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 191, Piccadilly, on MONDAY, July 17, and three following days, an assemblage of VALUABLE BOOKS, from the Libraries of the late Mrs. Hicks, of Seymour-street, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Pirrie, with her private Editions, including—In Folio:—Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, 32 vols. Burke's Peerage, 16 vols. Neuber's Pictures 8 vols. Shakespeare's Complete Works, 6 vols. The Works of Shakspeare, 16 vols. Froude's History of England, 12 vols. The Works of Dryden, 12 vols. Topographical Dictionaries, complete, 13 vols. Penny Cyclopedias—Bibliographical Collections in Manuscripts.—In Octavo:—Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, 32 vols. Burke's Peerage, 16 vols. Neuber's Pictures 8 vols. Shakespeare's Complete Works, 16 vols. The Works of Shakspeare, 16 vols. Froude's History of England, 12 vols. The Works of Dryden, 12 vols. Topographical Dictionaries, complete, 13 vols. Penny Cyclopedias—Bibliographical Collections in Manuscripts.—In Quarto:—Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, 32 vols. Burke's Peerage, 16 vols. Neuber's Pictures 8 vols. Shakespeare's Complete Works, 16 vols. The Works of Shakspeare, 16 vols. Froude's History of England, 12 vols. The Works of Dryden, 12 vols. Topographical Dictionaries, complete, 13 vols. Penny Cyclopedias—Bibliographical Collections in Manuscripts.—In Octavo:—Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, 32 vols. Burke's Peerage, 16 vols. Neuber's Pictures 8 vols. Shakespeare's Complete Works, 16 vols. The Works of Shakspeare, 16 vols. Froude's History of England, 12 vols. The Works of Dryden, 12 vols. Topographical Dictionaries, complete, 13 vols. Penny Cyclopedias—Bibliographical Collections in Manuscripts.—In Octavo:—Chalmers's Biographical Dictionary, 32 vols. Burke's Peerage, 16 vols. Neuber's Pictures 8 vols. Shakespeare's Complete Works, 16 vols. The Works of Shakspeare, 16 vols. Froude's History of England, 12 vols. 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Bell's Messenger.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

REVIEWS

The Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi, from the Outbreak at Meerut to the Capture of Delhi. By John Edward Wharton Rotton, M.A. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

On this side, a long rocky ridge stretching from north to south, with ruinous mounds of building at wide intervals, whence issues an occasional flash, and in the rear a thin line of scattered tents which ill suffice to keep out the fast-falling rain,—this is the English portion of the picture. On that side, to the south and east, an imperial city, watered eastward by a broad river, and with a high wall and massive bastions frowning to north, and west, and south; buttressed crowded with heavy guns, whose sullen booming never ceases,—streets thronged with myriads of armed men, huge arsenals piled with exhaustless munitions of war,—this is, or was but twelve months since, the picture of England's arch-foe, rebellious Delhi. Yes! it is well to carry back the mind to scenes of trouble and distress, all but dismay, which, though but a year old, are already half forgotten. Even when each fresh mail brought us the accounts of our Indian disasters, traced with all the vividness of recent suffering, how hardly could we realize all that our countrymen, with heroic fortitude, encountered, bore with, and vanquished. And now Delhi is almost an old tale, and falls with something of weariness on the ear. The interest of eager curiosity is dead,—it needs the magic pen of the historian to awaken for the deeds of our heroes the interest which shall never die. And the siege of Delhi is worthy the pen of the historian, for never did the patient courage that "goodness bosoms ever" struggle with greater odds, and greater ills, than beset the besieging and beleaguered army of Delhi. Let us for a moment carry back our thoughts to the position of that army on the day of the bygone year of which this is the anniversary. There is something more that bids us do so than the mere wish to revive the recollection of great events. Justice demands it as a duty, for the army of Delhi has not received its due. We do not speak of the rich and overflowing recompence which this great country should have awarded to the bravest of the brave,—we mean, that closely-reckoned, carefully meted out, common justice has not been rendered. It is the 10th of July 1857—we take the Chaplain's Narrative for our guide-book—five thin regiments of infantry and two of cavalry, with a slender array of guns, lie on the rocky ridge before Delhi. The troops have just returned from following the gun-carriage which bore to the grave the body of their commander and chief; our chaplain had but a few days back read the Funeral Service over Sir Harry Barnard; but a week before the cholera-stricken and already war-wasted English had seen the long line of the enemy's reinforcements, with music playing and banners displayed, marching across the bridge of boats from Rohilkhand into Delhi. All day long they streamed into the city; and, on that day alone, a force equal in numbers to half the besieging army, with guns, ammunition, and treasure, increased the already overwhelming odds of the enemy. There is treachery in our camp; and, but two days before, the enemy's cavalry had been admitted by the natives serving in our ranks, and for a moment had spread confusion and dismay around. The guns of the native troop of the first brigade have just been taken from the artillerymen, who with tears protest their innocence in vain, for

doubt and suspicion are everywhere. "The miseries of the camp are almost intolerable." The rain descends in copious streams; the attacks of the enemy are unceasing, yet far less frequent and fatal than the daily, hourly smitings of disease. Take the following picture of the cholera hospital:—

"The building was situated on the extreme left flank. It was melancholy to see nearly every man in either of the three wards languishing from that terrible disease cholera; hardly an inmate was suffering from any other cause. It required strong nerves to withstand the sickening sights of these two infirmaries. The patients constantly retching made the place very offensive. The flies, almost as innumerable as the sand on the sea-shore, alighted on your face and head, and crawled down your back, through the opening given by the shirt-collar, and occasionally also flew even into your throat, when you were engaged in reading or praying with a dying man,—these and a thousand other evils which I cannot mention here, but of which I have yet a very vivid and unpleasing recollection, severely tested a man's power of endurance. My Bible, sadly marked in consequence of this plague of flies, recalls, every time I open its soiled pages, many an incident which occurred, and many a painful expression of countenance which I witnessed within those very walls, with a deep sigh of unfeigned regret."

The accounts that poured in from all quarters are either ghastly tales of disaster and massacre, or improbable and impossible rumours of coming reinforcements, which scarcely awaken a hope even in the breast of the most sanguine. Letters from the Governor of Agra have been just received announcing the mutiny of the Neemuch brigade, and of the impending march of the Gwalior Contingent to support the Emperor. We now know what the consequences would have been had that march ever taken place, and can shudder at the thought. The troops that captured Cawnpore from General Windham, and all but destroyed his force, must certainly have turned the scale which was then so nicely balanced at Delhi. All these things considered, we cannot but agree with the writer of this book when, in summing up the hardships endured by the army of Delhi, he thus concludes:—

"But it is not merely in the arduous nature or amount of the work required for the defence of our main picket at Hindoo Rao, or in the fidelity of native troops, in which points of resemblance can fairly be traced, as existing between the circumstances of the Lucknow garrison and the 'Delhi Field Force.' There is scarcely a fact related by Brigadier Inglis of persons, things or places, under his immediate observation and controul, which does not find its direct counterpart in the history of events occurring before Delhi. Whether we regard the unflinching maintenance of every post along a line of defences, with which the extent of the Lucknow defences cannot compare; or the comparative smallness of the force for the discharge of the duty, difficult and dangerous in the extreme, assigned to it; or the frightful ravages of disease; or the continuous work of the troops, by day and by night, without the enjoyment of reliefs worthy the name; or the constant liability of one of our hospitals (that of the Sirmoor Battalion) to the rude intrusion of round-shot, shell, and musket-balls, or the security of none of them, against the risks of such accidents of war—especially during the earlier days of encampment, when it was by no means extraordinary for sleeping and wounded men to be disturbed in their slumbers by the explosion of a shell within a few yards of them, and in consequence of the suddenness of the shock, and the violence and intractability of the hemorrhage which ensued, to die shortly afterwards; or the alacrity with which men of every branch of the public service waived distinctions, all working in common, and all ready to do anything and everything—yea, actually doing, with a good heart, many things not

properly belonging to their own office; even women, as long as they remained with the force, proving no exception to this general rule, but devoting themselves, in spite of their own sorrows, in the most noble and self-sacrificing manner, to the care of the sick and wounded and dying of the camp; or the numberless number of individual actions of daily occurrence, and distinguished for the greatest bravery, many of which I have already related, and more than ten times as many remain yet to be told. I say, when all these things are duly regarded, the virtue, the valour, the endurance of the 'Delhi Field Force,' will approximate in degree and kind to those qualities so conspicuous in the experience and history of the illustrious garrison of Lucknow. But if, in addition to these considerations, we take into account the relative amount of hard fighting at both places, the character of the enemy, the nature and extent of his attacks, the interests, larger or smaller, which depended upon success, and the consequences, more or less important, that must have followed in the event of defeat, then Lucknow cannot approach Delhi by a very long way."

And yet for all the deeds of daring done before Delhi but three Victoria Crosses have been awarded. Numberless gallant men have been passed over without any recognition of their services,—and the prize-money which Sir Archdale Wilson promised has been filched from the soldiers by the cold parsimony of the Governor General. The bitter words which a private soldier inscribed on the palace walls of Delhi may serve as an epitaph for Lord Canning's administration—"Delhi taken and India re-conquered for thirty-six rupees and ten annas."

We shall rejoice if the Chaplain's Narrative re-awakens attention to the incomparable merits of the army of Delhi; and we think it is well calculated to do so, being a simple and touching statement which bears the impress of truth in every word. It has this advantage over the accounts which have yet been published, that it supplies some of those personal anecdotes and minute details which bring the events home to the understanding. Take, for example, the following account of the death of one of a family of heroes, and worthy of his name:—

"Poor young Napier of the 60th Rifles was also dangerously wounded during the same engagement, and lost his leg immediately upon being brought into camp, and subsequently also his life, from the effects of the wound at Meerut. This brave officer, though young in years, was considered to be a most promising soldier. Gallantry was a conspicuous feature of his character, and the buoyancy of his youthful spirits led him to expose himself on many an occasion very nobly, though perhaps unnecessarily: but even that was a fault, if fault it may be called, in the right direction, and one which the increase of years and experience would have chastened. I am certain from what I saw of him in his moments of trial, and during a very severe medical operation, that had his life only been spared, and his wound admitted of his continuance in the service, he would have proved himself a very distinguished member of her Majesty's army. It was touching, indeed, to hear, as I heard, the laments of this soldier-boy, when he began to realize the heavy loss he had sustained, the severity of his wound, and the probable effect which that wound might have on his future military career. With tears, many and bitter tears, which only a real soldier like himself can shed, he repeatedly said, with great vehemence of manner, and an equal amount of transparent sincerity, 'I shall never lead the Rifles again.' This was among the bitterest of his regrets. His wound—its dangerous nature and its painfulness, were trifles, in his estimation, in comparison with the fears which he felt respecting the blighting of his prospects as a soldier, and in anticipation of severance from his regiment. But

good and brave as young Napier was, he was but one, to my certain knowledge, of a small band of very young officers belonging to this incomparable regiment, who vied with each other in a spirit of the friendliest emulation, each trying to excel the other in the faithful and manly discharge of their duty. This regiment was my home in camp: I have seen it under all circumstances. I have noticed the conduct of its officers, and I have observed the discipline prevailing in its ranks, in cantonments, in camp, and also when actually engaged in the field, and such as my opinion is worth I give it freely and honestly. I regard it as unquestionably one of the very best schools in which a young soldier can be trained; and whether as a parent or as a Christian minister, without a moment's misgiving, I would say, if a son of mine must be and will be a soldier, I hope he may have the good fortune to learn his profession, and continuously exercise it too, in no other regiment than the 60th Royal Rifles."

Something we should expect to hear of the Chaplain's own peculiar avocations, and what we find bears the clearest testimony to his worth. He is no man of petty prejudices, and his just encomiums on Father Bertrand redound to his own honour. He says—

"Father Bertrand, a pattern Roman Catholic priest, whose services have been justly recognised—not by the Government, perhaps; for judging by its acts, the clergy, and particularly that more self-denying portion of it belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, seem to have been regarded as a necessary inconvenience; but by his own Vicar Apostolic, Dr. Persico, in terms not by any means too flattering, considering his labours in camp—was in this respect in a much worse predicament than myself. He had infinitely smaller allowances, and infinitely fewer comforts than I enjoyed, but an equal amount of labour. This excellent man—and surely I may venture thus to designate him, without risk of offence to any, except the most bigoted—lived as sparingly as a hermit, while he worked as hard as an English dray-horse. If Government should overlook this good man and his extraordinary services, his own flock never can and never will: those services and that self-denial will live in the recollections of the army as long as a single man survives to tell the tale."

As a pendant to the above passage we cannot forbear quoting another, which records the chaplain's visit to a Catholic officer before the arrival of Father Bertrand in camp, and this reminds us of the very fair remarks which the chaplain makes on the deficiency of officers of his class with the army. He was, in fact, for a long time the only one present, and but for a powerful constitution must have sunk under his duties. To return to the anecdote.—

"By religion, Dr. Coghlan was a Roman Catholic; but, as Father Bertrand, a very old campaigner, who served with the troops in the second Punjaub campaign, a very worthy man, and the Roman Catholic priest to the Delhi Field Force, had not then arrived in camp, I felt it my duty to visit the sufferer. In going to his tent, I had my Bible with me, which I took for the use of his Assistant-Surgeon, lying and languishing of the same disease in the next tent. I confess I felt a delicacy in tendering my ministrations to a Roman Catholic. After a little conversation, Dr. Coghlan said to me spontaneously, and without suggestion on my part, except probably the sight of the Bible in my hand, 'I have lived a Roman Catholic, and if I die, I shall die a Roman Catholic; still, as there is as yet no priest present with the force, read me a portion of the Bible. I know and value its pages.' I complied with this request, and when I had finished reading, he repeated the Lord's Prayer with uplifted hands, and in a very earnest and devout manner."

In recommending this book to the perusal of our readers we must express our regret that the writer did not still more minutely paint the scenes he has described. Although he has furnished us with not a few attractive anecdotes, and filled in to some extent the bare outline which

was previously before us, we still want that judicious selection of striking incidents and graphic portraiture of events which would make the reader an eye-witness, and the Siege of Delhi a present event. This remains to be done. In the mean time we may read 'The Chaplain's Narrative,' and trust that the army of Delhi, amid the other shortcomings of fortune, will not be deprived of a historian worthy to record its achievements.

Memoir and Letters of the late Thomas Seddon, Artist. By his Brother. (Nisbet & Co.)

DEATH is terrible when it steps into Life's masquerade, and, amidst the whirlwind of music and drunken babbling, claps his gaunt hand on the shoulder of some skipping jester. Death is terrible when it thrusts its yellow skull of a head in between the rose curtains that wall off from noxious draughts the old, rouged Lady Rattle. But whether Death shake the long castanet of his skeleton hand behind the preacher in his hollow pulpit, the soldier clutching at the blood-watered laurel, or the lawyer racking out his eyes to win the terrible blank of a six-foot-by-two coffin,—he perhaps never wears so Gorgon and repulsive an aspect as when he lays his paralyzing clutch on the arms of the young artist; and at one moment sends coloured palette, sheaf of brushes, and broken maulstick, into the premature grave.

The hero of this interesting biography was Thomas Seddon, a young artist who died before his prime,—the great-grandson of a Lancashire man established in London as a cabinet-maker in Gray's Inn Road. He was born in 1821. In childhood, ardent, affectionate, and unselfish, he went to school at Epsom and Stanmore, where he showed a taste for natural history, wandered far and wide collecting shells, birds' eggs, and minerals, and began to develop a taste for drawing. Homer and Virgil he covered with illustrations and caricatures, and evinced a taste for books and the antiquarian poetry then growing the passion of the day.

After leaving school he entered his father's business, but unable to keep down his gout at it, devoted every leisure hour to drawing. In 1841, his father sent him to Paris to study ornamental Art for professional purposes. Shrewd man! he little thought that by doing this he had handed the reins to Phaeton, who would never then rest his course till Heaven or Hades received his unseated body. From Paris he returned with a stock of good French and bad morals; but the good, thick, quiet, wholesome London air soon righted him,—acting like the pleasant cooling pot of small beer that our good friend Sly called for after his night of drinking. He determined to let no itch or lust for fame and art draw him from his hard stool in his father's office; but having thrown himself heart and soul into his dull work, determining equally resolutely not to sell his birthright of talent for a beggarly mess of porridge, but devote every spare hour and thought to drawing and study. He therefore attended Prof. Donaldson's architectural lectures, read books on Decorative Art at the British Museum Library, and joined the Decorative Art and Archaeological Societies. He advanced of course, as men must who, with the commonest brains, work and think on one subject at a time. In 1848, he won the silver medal of the Society of Arts for the design of an ornamental sideboard. His designs grew every day more graceful and original. He began to influence the art of his trade, made models for the carver, and tried to lead them to study nature and to wipe out the shameful reproach that while the French carver is an artist, the English is a mere mechanic. Day-

time at the desk, night at the easel, so passed his generous hermit days. The old will-o'-the-wisp fire flickered perpetually before his eyes. Death or fame tolled a perpetual voice inside his busy brain. First at Camden Town, then at Clapstone Street, he drew nightly from the nude Samson and the pliant Dalilah, and in his daily ploddings from Kentish Town to Gray's Inn Road acquired Italian and German, chiefly by writing out extracts on slips of paper. Who, after this, says that none of the old, robust hunger for work exists in this nineteenth century of ours?

In 1849 Seddon went for a trip to Wales, and spent some weeks near the confluence of the Conway, at Bettws y Coed, with some members of the Water-Colour Society. Pleasant Bohemian times! They sallied out in noisy, laughing parties, with a boy to carry the easel and colour-boxes; sketched all day in detached pickets, and returned at evening to discuss Art over cans of ale. Seddon, now led by the instinct of the age, discovered himself to be a Pre-Raphaelite, gave days to objects that the older men snapped up in an hour, and returned with two or three careful studies, valuable and true, instead of a bundle of imaginative sketches which could have been done cheaper at home in Newman Street.

The following notes of his Welsh tour and subsequent wanderings are amusing:—

"A sketch made by him in the visitors' book at the 'Royal Oak,' to which every artist is expected to contribute, is characteristic and amusing. It represents, when he himself had once witnessed, a carriage and four dashing through the village—unquestionably one of the most beautiful in Wales—and startling the repose of geese, pigs and other roadside loungers, whilst the enlightened occupant of the vehicle, an old gentleman in search of the picturesque, is comfortably asleep within, as also the portly footman and the lady's-maid in the dicky behind. On his route from Wales he stayed for a day at Holywell, where there is a beautiful Gothic structure over a fountain, which flows thence into a pool in a courtyard in front. Here he began sketching the bathers with their wet dresses clinging around them, and was soon surrounded by troops of the inhabitants, to many of whom he gave a few pence to induce them to enter the water so as to furnish him with subjects to sketch from. The amusement that this created was excessive, and he was besieged with entreaties for portraits. Indeed, they begged him to remain till the Saturday, when they would receive their week's wages, and would give him commissions enough to make a small fortune, which, however, to their regret, he was forced to decline. In the following summer, 1850, he made an excursion to Paris, and thence to a spot called Barbizon, in the Forest of Fontainebleau, which is frequented by the French landscape artists in much the same manner as Bettws is by the English. There he made three studies in oil, which showed very great advance over his sketches of the former year. One view of an intricate piece of copse mingled with fern, and limestone boulders in the foreground, was bought after the exhibition of his works at the Society of Arts in 1857."

At Barbizon, when the woods grew, burning red and orange in the Eas Breau—a region only saved from the woodman's axe by the artists' petitions,—he and some more gentlemanly ruffians from the Quartier-Latin *mansardes*, good, pleasant fellows, spent day and night in jovial study. They drank smoking punch in caves illuminated luridly with pinewood torches,—they roared Béranger's *chansons*, they fenced, they wrestled.

Seddon returns to quiet, sobering London—London that takes the fire out of the hottest steel, and dulls the most champion-blooded Mercury of a Mercutio. He establishes a school for the instruction of Art-workmen,—he

and his friends become gratuitous teachers, for the Schools of Design do not teach workmen. A hundred workmen became permanent and improving students. This brave work was really the prize for which he gave his life. To meet expenses an exhibition of works of Art was got up at Christmas 1850. Seddon worked like a Hercules, and at last was struck down by rheumatic fever from imprudently sleeping all night in the rooms. For a long time his life was despaired of. His constitution had lost its tone, and never recovered. He was never, as nurses say, "his own man again." He now became decidedly religious. The time gone, the opportunity came. At thirty years of age his father removed to Bond Street, was enabled to dispense with his services, and he turned artist and "displayed his banner," as Froissart would have said. The chariot rolled forth on its course,—but, alas, the axle-tree was broken and the horse lame.

In the quiet of Percy Chambers—free, thoughtful, but happy—he began a picture.

"The subject is 'Penelope.' In it she is represented sitting by the side of her web, at early sunrise, near an open window, and resting after her night's work of unravelling what she had done on the day preceding. She is dressed in a loose purple robe, with her feet resting on leopard's skin. Suspended from a loom is the web, showing the heads of Ulysses and his companions. Her damsels are asleep in an adjoining apartment, separated partly by a curtain, and lighted by a lamp, the rays of which are paling before the beams of the morning. The pains he took to secure truthfulness in a subject which, by its very nature, seemed to preclude it, were extraordinary. He constructed a model of the apartment in which the heroine is represented, with an opening for the window, with the curtain partition, and with the loom itself; and he hung up a taper in order to study the effect of the double light; and at the British Museum and elsewhere he studied most carefully the costumes and manners of the Greeks. There is considerable simplicity in the composition, but it has a fine breadth and harmony of rich colouring; and many of the accessories, such as the leopard's skin, are painted elaborately and powerfully. He sent it to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in the following year, but it was hung in the very top row, where it could only be seen through an opera-glass, and, of course, attracted no attention. However, it was some comfort to his friends to hear the strong terms of commendation in which it was noticed by connoisseurs sufficiently enterprising to search for it in its exalted position. In an address delivered at the Society of Arts after his death, Mr. Ruskin praised it in energetic language, and spoke of it as a picture which had given him a high opinion of Mr. Seddon's genius. It is now in the possession of George Wilson, Esq., of Redgrave Hall, Suffolk."

In August 1851 Seddon visited Wales to recruit his health,—studied the sadness of Tintern, and got a glimpse of Redcliffe's majesty. He visited the plunging silver of some Rhiaders, hunted with the Glamorgan hounds, and returned apparently sound and strong.

In 1852 he joins his sisters in Brittany,—drawing and studying the Roi René's book on chivalry. Pre-Raphaelite pictures haunt him; he writes to a friend about a picture of Ruth:

"Here they tie their corn in little wisps, like plantain-seed for canaries; and as they only cut off about eight inches of straw with it, the field is left so unlike English corn-fields that H— judiciously observed, 'No one would recognize it,' and Ruth's legs would have been hidden as high as the knee. Then the good King René's *chansons* give me divers chivalric impulsions. But my greatest thirst is to paint Elijah, and the old prophets of Baal as they leaped on their altar and cut themselves with knives, crying, 'O Baal, hear us!' And, again, when Jehoshaphat and Ahab, seated on their throne by the gate, hear the false prophets

(1 Kings xxii. 10, &c.); and Zedekiah made him horns of iron, and said, 'Thus saith the Lord, With these shalt thou push the Syrians, until thou have consumed them.' But these must wait for Syria. I should make regular wild-looking Arab conjurors, with long tangled hair. I think that either would be a glorious subject, and quite unlike the classic mode of representing Scripture subjects. And I think of painting Shakespeare playing Hamlet as it was really played at the Old Globe, with the stage all hung round with black, and the young gallants seated on the side of the stage on the ground, eating nuts and oranges, and flipping the shells at the pit. I paint till five or six every day. This is not at all a country I should remain in if I had my choice. You cannot get any simple thing. All their trees are small, and their number legion. There are lovely valleys, but they are full of small poplars, an inch thick; and every field is filled with small apple-trees, not ten feet apart; and the people are civilized—not Bas Breton at all."

A plan to travel to the East with Mr. Holman Hunt now seizes him, and he prepares to start, first executing some furniture designs for a book in the press, and painting a picture of the ruined monastery of Léhon, at Dinan. His sketches of the road to Marseilles are picturesque. He says—

"Lyons is a fine city, and the view, in good weather, must be magnificent. It is built on high, rocky hills, on a tongue of land at the junction of the Rhône and Saône. Hills as high as the Welsh mountains surround it; and in front the plain stretches out, I believe, to the Alps, sixty miles distant. The scenery is beautiful; every here and there a gap in the hills showed the snowy Alps from afar, towering over everything; and the sun gleaming on their white ravines, between the bands of cloud, seemed a glimpse of a purer, fairer world than the dull one which surrounded me. The hills here are covered with vines and copse-wood, and have long and sloping lines, but as I got south they became gradually more bare, jutting up in most picturesque crags. Approaching Avignon, Mount Ventoux towered high above all, like the back of a huge elephant among a flock of sheep; but, though near us, the atmosphere was so thick that we could scarcely distinguish it from the piles of white clouds, except by its more regular outline, and the more systematic arrangement of its snowy ravines. Avignon is the first town I have come to with a decidedly southern aspect. The high-peaked slate roofs of the north are changed into nearly flat ones, covered with pale greyish tiles, very deeply ribbed; and the houses being built of light grey stone, everything wears a look of decay, and seems to have put on the livery of poverty. The hills around are formed of a white calcareous rock, very broken and almost bare—their grey hue only broken by a little dusty mint, and a few prickly herbs, with some olives and pointed cypresses, and stunted pines, wherever a ledge or hollow allows a little soil to lie. The plain is equally dull in colour, and dusty, covered with a sea of rounded olive bushes, and a few cypresses, which, near the cottages, raise their dark spires among the grey-green of the olives. Avignon is a large, finely-situated town, with a high plateau of rock at one end, where the old palace of the Popes rises like a fortress. The old ramparts are almost perfect, and there is a haughty grandeur in the lofty walls and heavy, square towers of the palace, crowning the town, which savours much of temporal power and pride; but the Amphitheatre at Nîmes surpasses all I have seen for massive grandeur."

The East lay before him. He lands at Alexandria. He is amused at the donkey-boys; disgusted at Nubian slaves being mopped down near Pompey's Pillar; delighted at the story-tellers sitting cross-legged outside the coffee-shops and interested in the fractured tombs of the Circassian Mamlukes. That he could write and paint in words, the following account of the great fanatic close of the Moohed e Neb-

bee festival will pretty well convince our readers:—

"This morning the sheikh rode over the prostrate bodies of the fanatics. After wandering about the fair with Fletcher, we met a Mr. (Lieutenant) Burton, who, knowing the Arabic language thoroughly, has taken the dress. Finding the door of the sheikh's house open, we went in, and found a great many Europeans there, with a crowd of Arabs, Kawasses, dervishes, and men and boys of all nations. Seats were ranged on each side for the Europeans. We came in at about eleven, and had to wait more than two hours before the sheikh arrived. During the interval, a number of jugglers and serpent-tamers performed their evolutions. Two men, very wildly dressed, went through some very bad sword-and-buckler exercise. Then men came in with pointed iron spikes, about fifteen inches long, with a large knob of iron at one end, garnished with short chains. These they stuck in the corners of their eyes, and twirled them round; then they dug the pointed end against their heads and bodies; then a man lay down, and they placed the pointed end on his stomach, whilst a man stood upon it; then they held four or five on the ground, point uppermost, and the jugglers walked on them; they then brought in skewers, and thrust them through their cheeks and arms, and through the flesh on their bodies, having stripped to the waist. The performance began now to be very disgusting: they foamed at the mouth, and seemed to become intoxicated, falling back into the arms of those behind them, apparently fainting. One man howled, growled like a lion, and raved like a maniac. This continued for some time, when the serpent-men came in with the asps round their necks; and then some of the fanatics rushed on the snakes, and tore them with their teeth; and when four or five men held them each, they struggled fearfully, and tried to bite them. As the banners now appeared, the lower order of them lay down side by side on their faces, while the others, better dressed, took them by the legs and shoulders, and pressed them closely together. By the time that a compact mass was formed, half-a-dozen turbaned dervishes, with long sticks, rushed in over them; and then the sheikh, on horseback, a man leading his frightened horse, who trod heavily and quickly, like a horse passing through a bog. He swerved, and trod on one man's head, and on the legs of others. The sheikh sat lying back, as if stupefied and in pain, dressed in a huge green turban, and supported by a dervish on each side. Some of the men were lifted up as if hurt, and all seemed to be, or to sham an intoxicated ecstasy."

They next (that is, Mr. Lear, the painter, and Seddon) go up the Nile to Sakkara, and are astonished and delighted. The Fellah women with jugs on their heads—the red gold sky, against which the black palm-trees cut with sharp strong lines,—he is amused at everything. He sketches a marabout white tomb with mimosa-trees round it, in a garden, with ropemakers working in blue gowns. Here is a thought of his on eastern colours, very "pre-cious," as one of our critics has it:—

"It is curious how completely scenes which are lovely by afternoon or early morning light lose all charm in the bright sunshine. The country and buildings are principally mud or sand coloured, while the glare of the sun makes the green trees (and palms especially) look quite grey. On the other hand, towards evening, the tops are bathed in rosy light, whilst the bases of the buildings and hills are half lost, and melted into light blue mist."

His Eastern experiences enlarge. He compares camel-riding to being in a swing twenty feet from the ground. He laughs at the bandit irregular troops; meets an old major, who says the Pyramids are impositions, and chips a bit off the Sphinx, and begins to find it difficult to get models. The streets are crowded, and it is against the Mohammedan creed to sketch man or beast—the men are too lazy to sit, the women inaccessible. Then, inlaid in the letter, every now and then comes a really good story, as here:—

"I heard a capital story on Friday evening, at Mr. B—'s, of a dandified *attaché* at Constantinople, who travelled into Koordistan, intending to copy Layard, and write a book. He was what he called *roughing it*, with six or seven horses carrying his necessaries; *i.e.*, a few things he could not possibly do without. Among them were the wooden frames for cleaning his boots and shoes, and a case of bottles, of a peculiarly fine varnish, for his polished leathers. He was attacked by the Arabs, who overhauled his kit. When they came to the bottles, they opened them; and the varnish was made with Madeira, and scented with all sorts of good things, it smelt so nice that the thieves thought it must be something to drink. In vain did he explain that it was paint for his boots. They were sure that it was too delicious for that; and, in order to try, he should drink some: so they took out one of his own cut-glass tumblers, and made him drink a glass of his own boot varnish!"

To trap a few sunsets, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Seddon camp out at the foot of the Pyramids, and find the adjacent ground violet with irises.

A little further on we come to an amusing story, which is only another proof of the true English humour of our poor dead countryman.—

"To-day my boy's mother came to me, and asked me to write a paper to prevent her husband's beating her. In vain I represented that it was a very delicate thing to interfere in; that, in fact, the beating was a very good thing, and would make her the better; and, finally, that I could not write in Arabic, and that nobody in the village could read English. She said that English would do just as well; so, as it was no use insisting, she brought me some paper, and I wrote—'I hereby order Abdallah Ebu Kateen not to beat El biut esma Miriam biut l'el Zobeid, his wife, under pain of my heavy displeasure; and if he persists, I shall send the Howager Hunt to settle him.' (Signed) 'THOMAS SEDDON.' The lady was delighted, and blessed me, and knelt down and kissed my hand; and her son and she called me all the grand names in the world."

—How ineffably absurd the difference between Eastern and Western manners must this mistake seem to imply! Here is another anecdote equally good, as an illustration of the working of the railway system in the East. These touches of humour are perpetual, and always hit the mark. We cannot pass by the following brace:—

"The cook had been attempting to put our luggage in order, and asked him to come to superintend, and put to him various questions in Arabic, which he answered in English. If told not to untie a package, he said, 'Yes, very good,' and instantly untied it. Then Hunt shouted, 'Don't you hear? I told you not to untie it'; and the fellow grinned like an ape, and said again, 'Yes, very good.' * * There are a great many pelicans there, which get wonderfully tame when caught. M. Marriette had one which formed an attachment for his cat. It used to open its beak and take pussy into its pouch, where she would go to sleep quite contentedly. One day, Madame Pelican snapped up the monkey, who was frightened out of his wits, and screamed and shrieked till the pelican was tired and let him out."

At last they got to Jerusalem. Mr. Seddon sketches the Mount of Olives.—

"I am told that, a month ago, the Mount of Olives was covered with beautiful flowers; now they are all over, and, as most of the corn is cut, it is rather bare. It is dotted over with scattered olive-trees, which, in our Saviour's time, were probably thick groves, giving a good shelter from the heat of the sun. Its present look is peculiar; the rock is a light-gray limestone, showing itself in narrow ledges all up the sides; the soil is whitish, and the grass, now burned to a yellowish colour on the ledges in narrow strips, forms altogether a most delicate and beautiful colour, on which the gray green olives stand out in dark relief. The evening sun makes it at first golden-hued, and afterwards

literally, as Tennyson writes, 'the purple brows of Olivet.' * * In the afternoon we walked up to the top of the Mount of Olives, whence you overlook the whole city, and also to the east, the Dead Sea, which is really only fifteen miles off, and which looks quite close. This is one of the most impressive views in the world, and if I have time I will certainly paint it, but I fear that I shall not be able. On the top of the Mount of Olives are gardens, and corn-fields stretch down its sides, but all beyond seems perfectly barren rock and mountains. The Dead Sea seemed motionless, and of a blue so deep, that no water that I have seen can compare with it. The range of mountains beyond is forty or fifty miles off, and a thin veil of mist seemed spread between us and them over the sea, through which they appeared aerial and unreal; and, as the sun sinks, the projections become rose-coloured, and the chasms a deep violet, yet still misty. When the sun left them, the hazy air above them became a singular green colour, and the sky over rosy red, gradually melting into the blue."

Our artist is very observant of the colour of things, and makes us feel how completely new old things become in thinking men's eyes. He discourses on the aspect of the hills of Palestine, and says:—

"Whenever the light shines directly on them, the hills look white, with lines of yellow running along them from the dry parched herbage; but when the sun is high, so that the sides of the rocky ledges are in shadow, the hill is of a glorious purple, mixed with the golden and brown tints of the herbage. The white rock is also very susceptible of colour, from the rays of the morning or evening sun, and the little earth that is visible being reddish. The Mount of Olives every evening is of a wonderfully beautiful, rather red purple."

And here he gives us a view of the tropical vegetation of David's land.—

"The great heats, which, by the by, I never found very hot, are gone now, and the weather is delicious; the evenings from five o'clock are very fresh, and the nights cold. There is not a flower to be seen here, for the summer without ever a drop of rain has burnt them all up, and the grass on the ledges of rocks on the hill-sides is become of a deep amber colour; but I believe that the banks around where my tent is pitched wear a most lively sight in the spring. Mr. Crawford called the other morning, and said that he never saw such a profusion of wild flowers in his life—hyacinths, convolvulus, and cyclamens in immense varieties, and creepers hanging in festoons over the mouth of the caves. I shall try and bring some roots of cyclamens, for they say that they are superb. Just now the pomegranate-trees in the valley look splendid, with their glorious golden ripe fruit hanging on the branches. The little triangle below my tent looks like a jewel of emerald lying beneath the three gray hills with their sun-burnt foliage; for the waters of the Fountain of Siloam flow in little runnels through all the gardens every day, which makes everything grow most luxuriantly."

In 1854 Mr. Seddon returned to England, married a wife, and prepared an exhibition of his pictures. The nobles of money came to see him,—the nobles of mind came and were delighted. In 1855 Mr. Seddon returned to the East. All goes wrong. He arrives too late. The waters are out,—the dates are picked,—the Mecca pilgrims have returned; but he sets to work and paints stray dromedaries and water-carriers with curious jars. He is full of hope, and brimming with great thoughts. Alas! death steps in and tramples him down. The voyage had knocked him up. Dysentery sets in. On the 23rd of November, 1855, he dies, after only a week's illness. Let us not say, as Keats said falsely of himself,—

His name was writ in water.

The Hawkers and Street Dealers of Manchester, and the North of England Manufacturing Districts generally. By Felix Folio. (Manchester, Heywood; London, Grattan.)

If Felix Folio had possessed method as well as matter, had only had half as much wit to spare as words, and could have better distinguished between humour and vulgarity, his shilling volume on the very peculiar classes to be found in the manufacturing districts, the dealings, doings, and dodging, of itinerant quacks and cheap-Jacks, book and watch hawkers, mock sailors, and needle-dodgers, ballad-singers, flying stationers, dolly-pipers, and others, would have been a more acceptable work than it is. The little work, however, has some common sense philosophy and commendable fairness. The itinerants named are generally set down as consummate rascals, but the author shows that there are many individuals who pay taxes, keep their carriages, and hold family pews,—and who, graduating in rascality, take degrees far above the tramping trader. The hawker who makes ten ounces for a pound is brother in iniquity with that very pompous gentleman cotton-spinner "who winds *three hundred yards* on a *thick spod*, and labels it *'one thousand yards.'*" Both these knaves may, perhaps, point to a paternal government as authority for their proceeding. That government, without any compunction, pockets annually some solid thousands, proceeds of stamp-duty on quack medicines, which are destructive to the unhappy swallows. The itinerant quacks abound in the north, and they know as much about the liver, at all events, as Thomas Diaforus.—

"As proof that the street quacks are not well 'up' in anatomy, I may mention that a friend of mine put this question to about twenty of them: 'Is the liver in the chest or abdomen?' About a dozen said, 'the chest'; several replied 'neither'; some were candid enough to say they did not know; one pettishly answered, 'devil a mather where it is, these pills ull get to it.' And three or four—by accident, I believe—pitched upon the abdomen! Yet, the liver—be it remembered—is, more particularly, a part of the body which these men take under their scientific care!"

These practitioners have not yet invented a patent medicine, but all in good time: they have their bright little manifestations of genius:—

"Talk about 'stonishing the people! I'll tell you what I did once in Wales. I had been drinking, and got regularly hard-up. I wanted something fresh to take the people's attention, so I got a *black leather shoe-lace*, suspended it in water in one of them there transparent bottles, and labelled it—'This BLACK WORM was passed from a man's stomach yesterday—aged 45 years!' Crikey! didn't it take? a black 'un had never been heard tell on before; I believe half the poor people in that part of the country came to see it, not one on 'em ever knew what it was a worm. I took good care to have the bottle sealed up, and I know I never layed out a ha'penny better in my life, it gave me a good start up again."

That it is really from this class that the great quacks who gull the more intellectual public and enrich the Government come, the following statement—if it be true—will show:—

"One of the most successful quacks that ever preyed upon that portion of the public that has more *pains* than *brains*, was the late Morison, 'the heysteist.' Although it is not generally known, he was, at the commencement of his career, a *street quack*. He began in a very small way, and stood behind a stall which was generally pitched in the market-place of some town. As an itinerant, he was most successful in Yorkshire, and this fact will upset the generally-believed idea that Yorkshiremen are not easily taken in, and also prove that if they can *bite* they can also *swallow!* They were certainly not 'too far north' for old Morison. His

stall was hung around and almost covered over with herbs, both dried and green, the virtues of which, he assured his hearers, were combined in his pills, and also that he had scientific men employed on the hills and in the valleys 'culling simples' for him. But it cannot for a moment be doubted that the culling, or rather the *gulling* of *simples*, was confined to his own practice at his stall. Morison, it is said, was the inventor of the style of quack oratory or patter, which is used at the present time by his successors in the art.'

The cheap-Jacks are among the most marvellous of street orators. They can only be seen in perfection at a fair held in the market-place of a country town, and where there is opposition to stimulate them. We have heard them "hold on" without ceasing till disabled by extinction of voice, and then a visit to the adjacent chemist's shop, or a gargle from a bottle of vinegar, would give them temporary strength to rattle forward again. Curates who complain of the "clerical throat," brought on by gentle over-work, have no idea of the fearful sufferings of those sons of Belial, the cheap-Jacks, whose throats bear an ulcer for every fib that passes through them. Here is a sample of their manner, duly reported.—

"The speaker here trimmed his lamp with his fingers and immediately drew them across his face, making a broad black mark which seemed to cut it in two, and which added so much to the comical look of his phiz, as to draw forth a roar of laughter. When it had somewhat subsided, a lad called out, 'Master, you've got a dirty face.'—'Never mind,' was the reply, 'to-morrow's the day for washing it—I always washes my face once a week whether it wants it or not.—Now, who'll give me half a crown for the pocket-book; see here, it has a pocket for letters and a pocket for notes, a pretty tale to please your sweetheart, and a song or two to please yourself; here's a column for pounds and a column for pence, a column to put down what you lend and a column to put down what you borrow; here's a place to put down what you lose, and a place to put down what you steal; talking of stealing, they say honesty is 'the best policy'; but I'm very happy to say, my friends, *I can live without it!* Now, who says two shillings—eighteen pence—twelve—yes, one shilling for it? Recollect, here's a leaf for every year in the month, and every month in the year. What!—no buyers? Nobody give a bob for a book like this! But you *shall* have 'em, I bought 'em for nothink, and I suppose you want 'em for somethin' less; but that will not do, 'live and let live.' I'll split the difference with yer—who says six? There,—take it for six—there, that's it—sold to a literary gentleman worth a thousand a year, all in copper, and every penny of it is kept from him by the right owners! Sold again—sold again—sold again."

Even literature is applied in these wicked days to deceive the unwary! It must be understood, too, that the system of Dutch sale, not by *auction*, but by decrease of set-up price, saves the dealer from the necessity of taking out a licence.—

"The seller was holding up a goodly sized volume, and pretending to read from the title page, bawled out—'Here's a nice intheresting book, it contains a history of all the great French robbers, thieves, murtherers, and malefactors of the last century, and will last ye many a long winter's evening. I'll go bail ye'll not get through it in a hurry! Now, I'll not ask ye a long rambling price for it, cos I know ye'll not give it—a shillin—nine—eight—who'll give me sixpence for it?' A young man purchased it at the last-named sum, and adjourned to a shop window opposite to examine it, but immediately returned and demanded his money back. 'What for?' asked the seller. 'I cannot read it,' answered the purchaser. 'Well! that's good, be-dad, anyway,' cried the impudent impostor, 'to expect me to give a book like that and find ye edification and all for sixpence, ye onrasonable fellow, go home wid ye and larn.' This caused a general laugh at the expense of the young man, during which he bashfully retired from the scene.

I followed him and requested to be permitted to examine the book; he handed it to me, when I found it was *entirely in the French language*, and might have been, for anything either buyer or seller knew, a 'history' of anything, or anybody, or no history at all."

We have found equal ignorance in more respectable vendors. A few months ago, a stranger took up a volume at one of the many "open shops" in the streets of London. It was lettered 'Joan of Arc,' but it proved to be 'The Curse of Kehama.' The stranger pointed out the mistake to the vendor. "It's all right, Sir," said the latter: "Joan of Arc is the name of the authoress."

There are rather indications than details of female tramping life in the manufacturing districts, in this little work; but combined with the anecdotes of male adventure and enterprise, these indications are suggestive and melancholy. Altogether, there is matter here for educators and statesmen, and philosophers, and philanthropists, to consider. For our own parts, we leave all these rough and ready, clever, and graceless men and women, the insight into their lives and the glimpses at their morals, with a rather melancholy utterance of the words of Burns—

An' bairnly chielis, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is!

The Ballads of Scotland. Edited by William Edmonstone Aytoun. (Blackwood & Sons.)

"PEOPLE talk of nature," said Dr. Johnson in speaking of Scottish ballads, "but mere obvious nature may be exhibited with very little powers of mind." Quite true. And yet this "mere obvious nature," sometimes shown by writers of the old ballads, is often as subtle and as powerful in its home touch as is ever gained by the glorious imagination of a Shakspeare in its deepest reaches. Simple, unconscious Nature and conscious Art when it grows cunning as Nature, are two very different things; and yet they frequently do the same thing and arrive at one result. What is the secret of this? How is it that an uncultured ballad minstrel shall interpret some bit of living truth from the heart of a people to the ear of a world as successfully as Shakspeare with the amplest powers of his mighty mind? What can it be but implicit trust in truth and reliance on reality? and because some truths are so precious to the human heart that the simplest statement is the utmost that can be done for them, and because, after all, the greatest difficulty, as well as the crowning victory, of poet and artist is to reach reality. Was it not this that enabled the writer of the Ballad on the "Death of Sir John Moore" to do for his subject all that could have been done for it by the greatest poet that ever wrote? There is so much vitality in a bit of noble and exalting truth, so intensely felt as to be expressed in music, that for the time being it places the ballad minstrel on a level with the foremost dramatist, and makes us overlook the limits of his altogether lesser realm. This illustrates the position of the old ballad-writers. Their success lies in their entire reliance on reality in all matters concerning the human heart. They lay to and grapple with their subject at once. They have a purpose, and they do not dally with it or dandle it on their knees. Their song smites as the Percy and Douglas did at Otterburn when they

Swakkit swords, and they twa swat,
Till the blude ran down like rain.

With them it is always an open question of personal prowess stripped to the naked nature, and not of Art in ambush. Their sinewy strength strikes blows as with the terrible old seaxe of

the Saxons, and their pathos is often that of strong men weeping, or rather dashing down a few large thunder-drops, the sharp pathos of a fierce pain. Nothing in all literature can be more wonderful in its weirdness, more touching in its tenderness, than 'The Wife of Usher's Well,' whose three sons went to sea and were lost. One night, when nights were long and dark, their three spirits came home, and the poor old mother thinks her sons have returned. She made their bed, *happ'd them* in her mantle, and sat down by their bedside to let her proud heart overflow. When the cock crows, they must be going, as is the wont of ghosts. The elder brother says, it is time they were away, and the youngest—the mother's darling—(what a touch!) pleads:—

Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She'll go mad ere it be day.

—He thinks she will be able to bear it better in daylight than in darkness. And you know they stayed till the last minute by the farewell so mournfully given as they float out from the old home over the dark glade, in the dewy dawn, while the first flickering of the fire-light gleams from the windows.—

Fare-weel, my Mother dear!
Fare-weel to barn and byre!
And fare-weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my Mother's fire.

—One great help to reality for the old ballad writers was found in the conditions under which they wrote. They composed for recitation and not for reading. This would necessitate directness, and cut up all dilettantism. They knew that if a ballad was to live in memory and spring up when required with easy spontaneity, it must be evolved clearly and with lyrical aptitude,—must not be overlaid with words, nor carry too heavy weight of thought. Then they recited or sang the ballads in person, face shining to face, and heart beating to heart. Here the difference is vast between meeting your audience, speaking to them in living speech, and writing at them in a periodical,—it being all in favour of those gifts which nature supplies to the born singer and orator. It leaves no scope for elegant periphrasis, no time to hunt shadows till you become a shadow yourself, or polish the surface till you have whittled away all the substance. It would be a good thing if our present writers of *versé* could be placed under similar conditions. We have often thought how very fortunate it was that Shakspeare had his theatre into which he could pour his daily mind, as into a mould, and see nightly how it was filled and fitted, or overflowed with the affluence of his fancy. It supplied him with such curbing conditions as shaped his work without wanderings of mind from the line of a true aim, or waste of time in reaching the result. How different a literary legacy he would have left had he gone on writing poems and sonnets filled with beautiful conceits for private patrons, instead of making wide Humanity his public, and writing for the great Globe Theatre of a world!

The old ballads sprang straight out of the heart of the people, where they have their abiding roots, and whence they have blossomed anew in spite of all the changes that have swept over them, and they go straight to the heart of the people. Their elements of success are few and delightfully simple. The groups that listened to the minstrels on a winter's night, when the fires roared within and the winds roared without, and the lights flared and laved in the vaulty gloom, must have had large wonder, as the phrenologists would say. They never questioned the story's probability in minor matters, so long as the hands of the warriors were involuntarily carried to their

sword-hilts,—the high-tide of feeling ran strong, and the pretty eyes of the maidens were arched in wonder, peeping timidly and sparkling tearfully. Minstrels might draw the long bow and throw the battle-axe to any distance,—in truth, they could scarcely pitch it too strong, feats of strength were so greatly admired in those days. They had not read *La Place* on probabilities, and they entertained no fear of coming Niebuhrs or Sir G. C. Lewises. People must also have then had little or no organ of Individuality, for the slightest disguise seemed to have been sufficient to blot out the dearest friends from each other's memory. And such black-browed, black-blooded, persecuting mothers-in-law, and such patient Grissels as there were! And what a habit the children had of coming into the world clandestinely, without any ceremony! The course of true love *never did run smooth*, and everything appears to have happened exactly in a "twelvemonth and a day." The witches, old and young, in those times must have had their meetings and played up rarely—

When bells were rung, and Mass was sung,
And a' men boun' to bed.

—Whatever strange story the minstrels might unfold, perhaps the boldest deed had been matched by some of those stalwart listeners, and the darkest tale of woman's cruelty had its fellow in a secret that was biting like a serpent in the heart of some white wench, who tried to choke it there and keep it from screaming out.

When we come to speak of the nationality of these ballads, we find that in many instances a most difficult thing to determine. Scotch and English editors still carry on the old Border warfare in a different shape, and make their riving raids for ballads instead of beasts. Buyers have the greatest cause of complaint, for they often find that the book they purchase to-day is much about the same as the one they purchased yesterday, the main difference being that the one is Scotch and English, and the other English and Scotch. The editors of the respective nations generally make their choice according to poetical superiority. You buy a book of early ballads, or ballads of the peasantry, as English, and find at least half of them to be unmistakably Scotch; and in any book of Scottish ballads we shall find some as unmistakably English. The Scottish thistle sheds winged seed, and some of it would be borne southward on the breath of men, and spring up again in flower on English soil. On the other hand, the Scottish minstrels took many a slip from the English rose as it grew wild by the wayside without an owner. So that when we meet with them, it is often impossible to tell where grew the original root. The mere phraseology of these ballads is in many instances of no guidance. As they were transcribed from memory to memory, and handed down from generation to generation, the language would be changed inevitably, to the obliteration of those marks which are the sign-manual of their age. This, we think, has tended to the enrichment of Scottish ballad literature at the expense of the English. We agree with Mr. Aytoun in thinking that the ballad of 'Hynde Horn' comes from the old metrical romance of 'King Horn,' or 'Horne Childe and Maiden Rymenild,' written probably in the twelfth century, and with every appearance of a genuine English growth. King Horn is the son of Olaf—the Olaf of the early Danish and Swedish minstrels. This romance is a visible connecting link between the bards of Britain and the Danish scalds. In it we can see the footprints of the vanished Saxon gleemen, and judge how Alfred entertained his Danish foes in minstrel guise. Much besides in the Scottish ballads

may be traced to this source, or sources more directly Scandinavian. For example, the beginning of 'Sir Patrick Spens' is the same as that of several early Danish ballads. The subjects of 'Fine flowers in the valley,' and 'Binnorie,' may be matched with English ballads that have, as we think, one common Danish origin, and the style of refrain is identical also. From these we get the "silken sails and masts of gold," the same little May runs in kirtle red, the same little foot-page leads forth the palfrey with saddle of silver and bridle of gold, the maidens sit up in the tall tower and look from their high bower door, and they now and then learn the same dextrous use of "a little penknife." Kings sit at the board and drink the "blood-red wine." Knights fight with the sword or finger the "red gold fine." After this we can trace the influence of that bursting spring of song which filled the sweet South in the thirteenth century, and the song birds of chivalry shook their feathers and sang in the shower of gracious influences that were rained on them from the eyes of their ladye loves. The influence of external Nature was then brought to bear on the human heart, and make it tender for love's sake, more than ever it had been used in all previous poetry.

In treasuring up and handing on the ballad elements from Dane and Norman, English minstrels would undoubtedly give the earliest versions of many subjects now claimed by both countries. English monks and the scholars in religious houses would also write out themes for the minstrels, often from the romances that were stored up in the monastic libraries; but once these had drifted into Scotland, they would be cherished and kept alive there, even when they came to die out and get degraded in England, because the feudal system and institutions of chivalry nourished ballad minstrelsy there after it was neglected in this country. Thus, the Scottish minstrels would be left in possession not only of what did belong to them, but also of much that did not, and this could only be proven by such fragments as floated after hundreds of years had passed away. The English minstrels in return helped themselves from their brethren over the Border, and we have popular poetry in England from Scottish sources.

The nationality of a ballad, if determined at all, must be identified by collating, so to speak, the national sentiment. 'Robin Hood,' for instance, is in England a national sentiment. Not so in Scotland. The Scotch may have taken an interest in him, and assert that David the First and Malcolm the Fourth, kings of Scotland, were in Robin Hood's pedigree, but that does not make him a national sentiment. So that, although they might rhyme about Robin Hood, the ballads of "that ilk" are essentially English. Pat to the purpose comes an old English proverb, "Many a one talks of Robin Hood that never shot with his bow." And it is curious to note that this manner of speaking of the merry outlaw which characterizes the Robin Hood ballads—for example, "There's some will talk of Robin Hood, and some of barons bold," &c.—is adopted in the 'Birth of Robin Hood,' which was taken down by Mr. Jamison from recitation, and is included in this collection of ballads.—

And mony aue sings o' grass, o' grass,
And mony aue sings o' corn;
And mony aue sings o' Robin Hood
Kens little where he was born.

Again, 'Allan-a-Maut' may be the original of the popular ballads on bold Sir John Barleycorn, although we doubt whether as much inspiration could be got from it as might have been derived from John himself. But even should it be so, we should claim the ballad of

'Sir John Barleycorn' as English. Can there be any mistake about beer being an English sentiment? And as ballad poetry is the flowering of national sentiment, it is as certain in our mind that an Englishman wrote 'Sir John Barleycorn' as that Shakespeare created Falstaff, although we are not so certain that the one had not something to do with the other. Burns tried a fresh version of this ballad, but spoiled it. No, beer is not a national sentiment in Scotland: whiskey is,—and every nation to its taste.

Mr. Aytoun is inclined to give England credit for 'Hugh of Lincoln,' or the Jew's Daughter. And so should we. And yet we have heard a version of it recited by the straw-plaiters in Hertfordshire, which commences thus:—

It rains, it rains, in merry Scotland,
It rains both great and small,
And all the children in merry Scotland
Are playing at their school ball.

We might think that the English minstrel had been too patriotic to credit his country with such a deed as that murder, and had ascribed it to the Scots, thinking them perhaps, in his limited knowledge, little better than cannibals—having been told that they were cannibal something—like the poor Wesleyan who said he prayed not only for himself, but he prayed for the Irish and all ugly kinds of men,—but his statement respecting the children forbids such a supposition; it is very precise, and shows us that he was well acquainted with the educational condition of the country.

'Lord Beichan' we decidedly take to be English. The hero of it is most probably Gilbert Becket, the father of the famous Thomas à Becket. He was a flourishing citizen of London town, and in his youth had been a soldier in the Crusades. The story runs that he was once taken prisoner by a Saracen prince, that he and the prince's daughter fell in love; after his departure she followed him to London, and found him with her one English word, "Gilbert." What saith the ballad?—

Young Beichan was in London born,
He was a man of high degree;
He passed thro' monie kingdoms great
Until he came to grand Turkie.

—And it tells a similar story. Mr. Aytoun stumbles at the name of "Susie Pye," and cannot think what Saracenic name that comes from. He forgets what a genius the English people have for mispronouncing hard names, as the sailors of the "Billy rough 'un" might show. After corrupting "God encompasses us" into the "Goat and Compasses," we hold anything possible in that way.

He claims 'The Heir of Linne' as a Scottish ballad, but gives no evidence and makes out no case, without which we should not feel inclined to give it up. On the other hand, he gives up 'The Border Widow' and thinks it a skilful adaptation of the old English ballad called 'The Lady turned Serving Man.' We cannot help believing that the inspiration here lies with the author of these stanzas:—

I sewed his sheet, making my maen,
I watched the corse, myself alane;
I watched his body night and day;
No living creature came that way.
I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sate;
I digged a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him with the sod see green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid the mool on his yellow hair!
O think na ye my heart was wae,
When I turned about, awa' to gae!

That does not look like the work of an adapter. The ballad is filled and flooded with the fierce old Border spirit, and its oneness is fused with a fiery feeling too intense for tears. We look upon it as a Scotch thistle bristling with spears and blooming from Scottish blood.

The mere fact that it contains a line or two from 'Helen of Kirkconnel' and the 'Twa Corbies' is of little weight, as 'The Border Widow' may be the original.

We have been much interested with some of Mr. Aytoun's collations, they are simply and well done. But surely his 'Thomas of Ercildoune' was not only transcribed by an Englishman! We do not regard it as the original of 'True Thomas,' but it does read like a new version of the subject by an English scholar. What does this refer to?

And soothly, as the story says,
He met her at the eildon tree.

The opening of the poem is English, and so is the exclamation of the lady,

Do way! that were follie!

—And the phrase "In Huntly banks" is enough to make a Scottish Rights man call the writer a cockney. The measure also has a solemn, stately movement, that of 'True Thomas' being more leaping and lyrical. Here are a few scholarly touches. On seeing the Fairy Queen,—

He said, "yon is Mary most of might,
That bare the child that died for me."
Then said that lady, *mild of thought*,
Thomas, let such words be,
Queen of Heaven am I not.
For I took never so high degree.

How art thou faded thus in the face
And shone before as the sun so bright.
And middle earth thou shalt not see.

—The poem is altogether immeasurably superior to the 'True Thomas,' and the conclusion of it tells us how Thomas became a minstrel, which the other does not.

In one or two instances we prefer other readings to those which Mr. Aytoun gives. In 'Sir Patrick Spens' we read "the tear came to his e'e," instead of the "tear blinded his e'e," and—

Be't wind or west, be't snew or sleet,

in place of the far more vigorous
Be it wind, be it weet, be it snew, be it sleet;
in which the rider seems to give Pegasus four inspiring fillips! Again, in the last two lines of 'Waly Waly' we have,

And I mysel were dead and gane,
For a maid again I'll never be,

the last line of which is also the last line of the 'Marchioness of Douglas.' We hold by the other rendering,

And the green grass growing over me.

The sad heart sighs so mournfully in the rustling of that grass. The line,

I leant my back into an aik,

should read,

I leant my back unto an aik;

as "aik," a tree, is intended, not "ache," a pain. In 'Barbara Allan,' the line,

When ye was in the tavern drinking

has neither rhyme nor rhythm. Both are supplied in the other version,

When the red wine ye were fillin'.

Let us hope that Sir John did not fuddle in a pot-house. "The dead-bell ringing" should be "knellin'" as a rhyme to "Allan," and for Scotch singing, "every toll that the dead-bell gied" is not nearly so good as "every jow," which becomes rhythmic with the next line,

It cried *woe* to Barbara Allan.

Mr. Aytoun might have included that unctuous old poem 'The Keach i' the Creel,' the exceedingly interesting 'Ring of the Roy Robert,' a very beautiful and affecting tenderballad called the 'Murnin Maidin,' or 'Under the levis grome,' which is a bit of the antique perfection, and the 'Gaberlunzie Man,' ascribed to James the Fifth, king of Scotland. But these shortcomings can be remedied in a new edition of these Ballads, which are, on the whole, the best edited—Mr. Whitelaw's will probably remain

the most popular—of any "Scottish ballads." They are, in most respects, well got up; and the lover of minstrel literature will be sure to give them a hearty welcome.

The Marchioness of Pompadour—[Madame la Marquise, &c.] By M. Capefigue. (Paris, Amyot.)

Though once upon a time he misbehaved,
Poor Satan! doubtless he'll at length be saved!

said the charitable lady in Young's satire.

We have lived to see such strange things as Nell Gwynne enshrined as a woman to whose haunts and homes British maids and matrons might make pilgrimage. Here is a French author, cream of the cream (as the Viennese say)—orthodox to the apex of orthodoxy, so far as privilege, state, tradition, authority, are concerned,—no writer less solemn than M. Capefigue,—who absolutely sits down in *Faubourg* fashion to offer explanations concerning Madame Pompadour:—a woman (he avers) ill used by scurrilous history, past and present. That she was the King's favourite M. Capefigue admits—but what then? Kings were hardly proper French kings unless they had their favourites, as well as marshals, churchmen, financiers, round about them; and *La Pompadour* was no common favourite, M. Capefigue maintains, but a royal mistress of the finest porcelain quality,—a graceful, intellectual, agreeable woman, having the soul and the brain and the hands of an artist. We are becoming weary of the last noun, so cruelly has it been overworked in respect to the matters to be conceded or excused, or half or too much understood, which are to be covered by the interesting title.—*La Pompadour* was an ingenious, enchanting person, who drew, and who made persons engrave gems from her drawings,—who could write little songs,—and who managed to buy praise from men of genius by patronizing them and interesting herself in their schemes. But—dull shopkeepers that we are!—a question will occur to us: Who paid for all this, *La Pompadour* included? France, with its soured, starved and over-driven millions—molted, too, to pay a superb per-cent to the protectress of Art.—Trade is trade, whoever is the trader. The splendid "Saint-Cotillon," whom M. Capefigue delights to enthrone, could not render services to the King, loving duty to the Queen, devotion of heart and brain to the genius and glory of France, gratuitously. It had cost her much labour to arrive at the pinnacle of usefulness, and never, writes her admirer, was woman better qualified for her exaltation. Though not precisely noble, as had been the four favourites of the House of Nesle whom she succeeded, she was of better extraction than her libellers asserted. Those malignant people have described her as a woman of a low birth; she has been even written down as a butcher's daughter. It was not so, M. Capefigue assures us. Her father, says our nice distinguisher, was a cattle-merchant who provided for the army, and did not "kill" in a base, retail way. As for her mother, Madame Poisson, she was a paragon of accomplishment and elegance, one (so, we saw the other day, was Sophie Arnould's mother,) just as capable of having set up on her own account as her daughter proved, had the stars so decreed it. Possibly it may have been from this graceful woman that the loving and loyal daughter derived the idea of devoting herself to that completest of complete gentlemen, *Louis Quinze*. It was done in disinterestedness, however:—a case of pure fascination and patriotic ambition. The young lady flung herself in Royalty's way, attired in all manner of artistic masquerades (often, when Royalty was hunted, dressed as Diana,—leaving the Moon's

icy disposition at home!), from no gross nor perishable thought of her own advancement, but because she felt herself another Joan of Arc,—goddess destined to sway the destinies of France:—and not a Jane created to sit at home in the plain clothes, an average orderly wife or affectionate mother.—We have really to pause for a moment to assure the reader that in our statement of her panegyrist's argument, we are not caricaturing his sentimental pleadings for her whose cause he has undertaken, as a labour of love and duty towards the *ancien régime* in its dotage.—Further, we are told that the idea of any men of *La Pompadour's* family,—M. d'Etioles, her husband, from whom she was separated (a pure case of incompatibility, nothing more, on M. Capefigue's honour!), or M. de Marigny, her brother,—profiting in any pecuniary fashion by the sacrifices and struggles of this high-minded woman—is to be scoffed and put to the door as "low,"—a gross invention of the Encyclopedist penny-a-liners!—Yet more, the maligned lady has been cruelly accused of getting those whom she disliked clapped in the Bastille. No such thing, says M. Capefigue. The "lettre de cachet" was quite too regular and serious a business for any Pompadour's pretty fingers to tamper with, unless (this is delicious) the honour of France required it. She was imperious as a politician, but had no resentments for herself;—good, humble, penitent woman! The last epithet is worth a last lingering word. Barbier (whose "Journal" troubles M. Capefigue by its tediousness and vulgarity, a mere lawyer's diary of things beyond his business and above his sphere, shocking to the gentry of France)—told us how, on the death of Mlle. Alexandrine d'Etioles, her daughter, Madame Pompadour went into "devotion."—Such a sequel to such an affliction falling on such an ambitious, vain, unscrupulous woman, is not to be sneered at. All theological considerations apart—time for thought, time for regret, time to consider if broken threads can be tied again, or how bad crevices can be patched over, are salutary consequences of bitter sorrow to those whom Death teaches for the first time that Life, with all its great concurrences and all its *petites maisons*, is still sorrowful. But to speak of the woman, scared, startled, chastened (into what for her was a superstitious transaction of amulet and anodyne), as thenceforth having become a changed and sublimed being (which M. Capefigue does) is to confound the truth, honour, and piety of a higher order of human creatures with the terror and desire to accommodate of their inferiors. Let it be noted that, when her time of self-adjustment came, *La Marquise* did not leave the Court, as a former mistress of a former French King, Madame La Vallière, did.

In one point, however, of *La Pompadour's* doings and influences, M. Capefigue has better reason for the line he has taken. He is anxious to defend her from accusations which were largely brought against her as having conciliated royal favour at any price. The "Parc aux Cerfs"—which has been reputed to be the St.-Cyr, on which the degenerate successor of Scarron's widow, *La Maintenon*, embarked some of her ingenuity to amuse a royal friend no longer amuseable—was demolished some years ago by antiquarian research. The demolition came under our notice in the form of an elaborate monograph on the subject, proving from civic documents of Versailles that no Utah of the kind ever in reality existed. The tale not being a profitable one was hardly worth entering into separately for the sake of rectification. Now, however, seeing that lash, however sharply stinging, can hardly be too sharp

for M. Capefigue's book, we are bound in a point where we believe his facts bear him out to say as much.

Granted this plea of mitigation, however, and what remains?—One fact is odd and fearful enough; that France has still—despite the blood and fire through which her people have had to march—a circle of persons so besotted, so credulous, so resolute to ignore everything born of modern time and wholesome change,—that an author of repute can be found willing to come forward as apologist for such a phase of society as was represented by the “sincere and tender” lady of Voltaire's dedication! Let not the poor woman be blackened, made worse, sunk lower than she was. Let her be taken as exponent of the worst phase of civilization through which Royalty can pass—in which a dull and *imposed* consort is admitted to excuse a lively playmate for Royalty's private hours.—It is perfectly intelligible that *La Pompadour*—an artist thoroughly trained to her art, whether butcher's daughter or not—was not merely the vindictive, cruel creature whom writers, tormented or malicious, depicted her. She was festive, ready in imagination, keen in wit, real in one family affection (a mother's for her daughter), self-deluded in the notion, partly bred of the incense burnt under her nose, that if she looked to France for her gains, France looked to her for its glory. But the woman is dead, and the institution represented by her was brought into discredit (even in the time of the ever-worthy *Louis Quinze*, who is a monarch-hero after M. Capefigue's own heart) by another Jane—Madame du Barry, who had quite as resolute a desire in her free way to enoble France and to fill her own pockets as her predecessor. Thus, such a monograph as M. Capefigue's seems to us patricial, dismal, discreditable, not merely in respect to the woman to whom it is devoted, but also to the aristocratic society from which it has emanated,—and not a little to the authority which (forbidding many utterances) can allow such an utterance as this to pass the censorship!

Old New York; or, Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years. By John W. Francis, M.D., LL.D. (New York, Roe; London, Low & Co.)

THE New York Historical Society is something more than half a century old; and a few months ago, Dr. Francis delivered, in presence of the members, an anniversary discourse, in which he touched upon bygone people and incidents, giving scraps of character, pictures of droll events, and odds and ends of many sorts, connected with the city from the period of the foundation of the Society. Many personages in whom *his* public are interested are unknown on this side of the water, and of these he chronicles a great deal of “small beer.” Generally, too, there is a tone of self-complacency likely to excite a smile; and, occasionally, one of those sour squirts at John Bull, or vulgar slaps at “those Hanoverian sovereigns,” which we thought no longer belonged to the refined circles in the States. Yet his book is queer and amusing. We must, moreover, do Dr. Francis the justice to say, that when he finds a sore point in a Yankee, he does not scruple to establish a “saw.”—

The equestrian statue of Washington, executed with artistic ability by Brown, and erected in this square through the patriotic efforts of Col. Lee, aided by our liberal merchants, adds grace to the beauty of that open thoroughfare of the city. There is a story on this subject, which, I hope, will find embodiment in some future edition of Joe Miller. Colonel Lee had assiduously collected a

subscription for this successful statue; among others, towards the close of his labours, he honoured an affluent citizen of the neighbourhood, by an application for aid in the goody design. ‘There is no need of the statue,’ exclaimed the votary of wealth; ‘Washington needs no statue; he lives in the hearts of his countrymen; that is his statue.’ ‘Ah! indeed,’ replied the Colonel, ‘does he live in yours?’—‘Truly, he does,’ was the reply.—‘Then,’ added the Colonel, ‘I am sorry, very sorry, that he occupies so mean a tenement.’

For telling this story the narrator is not likely to fall into such difficulties as were encountered by the well-known Dunlap.—

“The most serious rencontre in our medical annals, according to the Judge, was that which took place with Dr. Pierre Michaux, a French refugee, who settled in New York about 1791, who published an English tract on a surgical subject, with a Latin title-page. The pamphlet was too insignificant to prove an advantageous advertisement to the penniless author, but Dr. Wright Post, of most distinguished renown in our records of surgery, feeling annoyed by its appearance, solicited his intimate friend, the acrimonious Dunlap, the dramatic writer, to write a caricature of the work and the author. The request was promptly complied with, and at the Old John Street Theatre a ludicrous after-piece was got up, illustrative of a surgical case, *Fractura Minimi Digi*, with a meeting of doctors in solemn consultation upon the catastrophe. Michaux repaired to the theatre, took his seat among the spectators, and found the representation of his person, his dress, his manner, and his speech, so fairly a veri-resemblance, that he was almost ready to admit an *alibi*, and alternately thought himself now among the audience—now among the performers. The humiliated Michaux sought redress by an assault upon Dunlap, as, on the ensuing Sabbath, he was coming out from worship in the Brick Church. The violent castigation Dunlap received at the church portal, suspended his public devotional duties for at least a month. Michaux, now the object of popular ridicule, retired to Staten Island, where after a while his life was closed, oppressed with penury and mortification of mind.”

In reviewing the ‘American Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution,’ we showed therein the vigour of the Tory feeling in America. The following extract will further show that this feeling long survived the triumph of the colonists:—

“This city, which had been the occupancy of their enemies during that long struggle, though now freed from the British army, still retained a vast number of the Tory party, who, while they were ready to be the participants of the benefits of that freedom which sprung out of the Revolution, were known to be dissatisfied by the mortifications of defeat, under which they still writhed, and whose principal relief was found in yielding the listening ear to any narrative that might asperse the purity of American devotion in the patriotic cause of liberty. Thus surrounded, the natives, the true Whigs, the rebel phalanx, so to speak, were often circumscribed in thought and in utterance. To recount the specifications of the wrongs which they had endured, as cited in the immortal Declaration of Independence, was deemed, by the defeated and disaffected, cruel and unwise, so hard was it to root out the doctrines of colonial devotion. Here and there measures were in agitation, and suggestions hinted, the object of which was to prevent the public reading of the Declaration on the 4th of July; and even so late as July, 1804, I witnessed a turmoil which arose, upon the occasion of the expressed sentiments of the orator of the day, John W. Mulligan, Esq., now, I believe, the oldest living graduate of Columbia College.”

Of the ecclesiastical reminiscences the best, perhaps, refers to a rather irregular preacher, Lorenzo Dow:—

“Dow was a Wesleyan, of rare courage and determined zeal. He scarcely ever presented himself without drawing together large multitudes of hearers, in part owing to his grotesque appearance, but not a little arising from his dexterous elocution and his prompt vocabulary. He was faithful to

his mission, and a benefactor to Methodism in that day. His weapons against Beelzebub were providential interpositions, wondrous disasters, touching sentiments, miraculous escapes, something after the method of John Bunyan. His religious zeal armed him with Christian forbearance, while his convictions allowed him a justifiable use of the strongest flagellations for besetting sins. Sometimes you were angered by his colloquial vulgarity; but he never descended so low as Huntington, the sinner saved, the blasphemous coal-heaver of England. He was rather a coarse edition, on brown paper, with battered type, of Rowland Hill. Like the disciplined histrionic performer, he often adjusted himself to adventitious circumstances; in his field exercises, at camp meetings, and the like, a raging storm might be the forerunner of God's immediate wrath; a change of elements might be taken as a sign of Paradise restored, or a new Jerusalem. He might become farcical or funereal. He had genius at all times to construct a catastrophe. His apparent sincerity and his indubitable earnestness sustained and carried him onward, while many ran to and fro. Repartee, humour, wit, irony, were a portion of his stock in trade, the materials he adroitly managed. Sometimes he was redundant in love and the affections, at other times acrimonious and condemnatory. Altogether Lorenzo was an original, and a self-sustained man, and would handle more than the rhetorician's tools. His appearance must have occasionally proved a drawback to his argument, but he was resolute and heroic. His garments, like his person, seemed to have little to do with the deterrent influence of cleanliness. With dishevelled locks of black flowing hair over his shoulders, like Edward Irving of many tongues, and a face which, like the fashion of our own day, rarely ever knew a razor, his piercing grey eyes of rapid mobility, infiltrated with a glabrous moisture, rolled with a keen perception, and was the frequent index of his mental armoury. I have implied that he was always ready at a rejoinder; an instance or two may be given. A dissenter from Dow's Arminian doctrines, after listening to his harangue, asked him if he knew what Calvinism was?—‘Yes,’ he promptly replied:—

‘You can and you can't,
You will and you won't;
You'll be damned if you do,
And you'll be damned if you don't.’

That, sir, is Calvinism, something more than rhyme.” I, who have rarely left New York for a day during the past fifty years, (save my year abroad,) was in the summer of 1824 at Utica with a patient. It so happened that Dow, at that very time, held forth in an adjacent wood, having for his audience some of the Oneida and Reservation Indians, with a vast assemblage of the people of Utica and the neighbouring villages. Mounted on an advantageous scaffolding, he discoursed on the rewards of a good life, and pictured the blessings of heaven. Upon his return to the hotel there was found among the occupants a Mr. Branch and old General Root, so familiarly known for the opprobrious name of ‘the Big Ditch,’ which he gave to Clinton's Canal. These two gentlemen addressed Dow, told him they had heard him say much of heaven, and now begged to ask him if he could describe the place. ‘Yes,’ says Dow, with entire ease. ‘Heaven is a wide and expansive region, a beautiful plain, something like our prairie country

—without any thing to obstruct the vision—there is neither Root nor Branch there.’ Dow had one great requisite for a preacher; he feared no man. With unflinching resolution he presented himself every where, and if perchance signs of a rude commotion among his auditors manifested themselves, he met them like Whitfield, and exclaimed—‘These bitter herbs make good sauce and promote digestion. He might then be listened to with breathless attention. All annoyances he reckoned as the workings of Providence in his behalf, and preserving a sort of armed neutrality, kept aloof from personal interference, conforming to the advice of Roger Vose, ‘Let every man skin his own skunk.’”

If the Church does not give lightness to many of these pages, we cannot say the same of

the stage. New York has had this species of entertainment only since the year 1750. Dr. Francis speaks most kindly of poor George Frederick Cooke; but does not attempt to conceal that terrible vice of drinking which made of him, as it has done of men of brighter intellects, a mere beast. Here is a sad scene:—

"After one of those catastrophes to which I have alluded, I paid him a visit at early afternoon, the better to secure his attendance at the theatre. He was seated at his table, with many decanters, all exhausted, save two or three appropriated for candlesticks, the lights in full blaze. He had not rested for some thirty hours or more. With much ado, aided by Price the manager, he was persuaded to enter the carriage waiting at the door to take him to the play-house. It was a stormy night. He repaired to the green room, and was soon ready. Price saw he was the worse from excess, but the public were not to be disappointed. 'Let him,' says the manager, 'only get before the lights and the receipts are secure.' Within the wretched time Cooke entered on his part, the Duke of Gloster. The public were unanimous in their decision, that he never performed with greater satisfaction. As he left the house he whispered, 'Have I not pleased the Yankee Doodles?' Hardly twenty-four hours after this memorable night, he scattered some \$400 among the needy and the solicitous, and took refreshment in a sound sleep. A striking peculiarity often marked the conduct of Cooke: he was the most indifferent of mortals to the results which might be attendant on his folly and his recklessness. When his society was solicited by the highest in literature and the arts, he might determine to while away a limited leisure among the illiterate and the vulgar, and yet none was so fastidious in the demands of courtesy. When the painter Stuart was engaged with the delineation of his noble features, he chose to select those hours for sleeping; yet the great artist triumphed and satisfied his liberal patron, Price. Stuart proved a match for him, by occasionally raising the lid of his eye. On the night of his benefit, the most memorable of his career in New York, with a house crowded to suffocation, he abuses public confidence, and had nothing to say but that Cato had full right to take liberty with his senate."

If the above is sad, the following is hardly less so; but it ends with a touch of Yankee impertinence, which, perhaps, is unparalleled:

"We had a doubtful case of royalty on our boards at the Old Park Theatre, during the management of Simpson and Price, without even the play-goers being well apprised of the fact. This occurrence took place in the person of Mrs. Alsop, who had been sent out by the manager, Price, from London. She signalized herself by her performance of the Actress of All Work, and by some efforts in comedy of tolerable acceptance. She needed more grace and beauty than nature had favoured her with, yet her mental qualities were much above mediocrity. Like the opium eaters, De Quincey and Coleridge, and the well-remembered declaimer, Ogilvie, the Scotch orator, and many others, she demanded the liberal use of narcotics to elevate her for the time being in her mimic profession. The consequence was impaired health, followed by great dejection of spirits and prostration of strength. But other causes still more potent led to her hasty loss of life. She was a daughter of Mrs. Jordan, whose relationship with the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth, is recorded history. Aware of her origin, and necessitated in a foreign land to derive her precarious maintenance from the stage, after a few months she terminated her earthly career by an overdose of laudanum. When I arrived at her lodgings she was just breathing her last. She died in Greenwich Street, near Dey, and Spiller, the comedian, and myself, sought a burial spot for her. The requirement of a doctor's certificate for the cause of death was not then exacted as now-a-days. I give these particulars to counteract errors, as it has been stated she closed her career during a tour through the Southern States. My indignation was somewhat awakened at the occurrence of this unhappy woman's end; anguish of mind, I think, must have wrought the work of destruction.

Contrary to my usual practice with the poor, I sent a medical charge to His Majesty for services rendered; but like most bills against those Hanoverian monarchs, it remains non-accepted up to the present hour. I necessarily act, as I am informed the mercantile world sometimes do, place it among my deferred stock, though I am ready to sell out upon application."

Mrs. Alsop was known to a Drury Lane audience some forty years ago, as an arch and sprightly actress; but, though the daughter of Mrs. Jordan, she was no more related to William the Fourth than Dr. Francis himself is. The idea of sending to that good-natured king a medical bill for attendance on Mrs. Alsop was the act of a very thoughtless gentleman. William the Fourth acted with sense in not paying it; and we have little doubt that when the American Minister dined with the King, the subject of this impudent little bill afforded mirthful remark to both. Of Edmund Kean, the author speaks as of a friend he loved. The annexed incidents are, probably, new to most of our readers:—

"A few days after, we made the desired visit at Bloomingdale. Kean, with an additional friend and myself, occupied the carriage for a sort of philosophical exploration of the city on our way thither. On the excursion he remarked he should like to see our Vauxhall. We stopped; he entered the gate, asked the doorkeeper if he might survey the place, gave a double somerset through the air, and in the twinkling of an eye stood at the remote part of the garden. The wonder of the superintendent can better be imagined than described. Arriving at the Asylum, with suitable gravity he was introduced to the officials, invited to an inspection of the afflicted inmates, and then told, if he would ascend to the roof of the building, a delightful prospect would be presented to his contemplation; many counties, and an area of sea, rivers, and lands, mountains and valleys, embracing a circuit of forty miles in circumference. His admiration was expressed in delirious accents. 'I'll walk the ridge of the roof of the Asylum!' he exclaimed, 'and take a leap! it's the best end I can make of my life,' and forthwith started for the western gable end of the building. My associate and myself, as he hurried onward, seized him by the arms, and he submissively returned. I have ever been at a loss to account for this sudden freak in his feelings; he was buoyant at the onset of the journey; he astonished the Vauxhall doorkeeper by his harlequin trick, and took an interest in the various forms of insanity which came before him. He might have become too sublimated in his feelings, or had his senses unsettled (for he was an electrical apparatus) in contemplating the mysterious influences acting on the minds of the deranged, for there is an attractive principle as well as an adhesive principle in madness; or a crowd of thoughts might have oppressed him, arising from the disaster which had occurred to him a few days before with the Boston audience, and the irreparable loss he had sustained in the plunder of his trunks and valuable papers, while journeying hither and thither on his return to New York. We rejoiced together, however, when we found him again safely at home, at his old lodgings, at the City Hotel."

Who that remembers this incomparable master of his art, would not have enjoyed the utterance of *Alantenaida!* as mentioned below:

"Towards the close of his second visit to America, Kean made a tour through the northern part of the State, and visited Canada; he fell in with the Indians, with whom he became delighted, and was chosen a chief of tribe. Some time after, not aware of his return to the city, I received, at a late hour of the evening, a call to wait upon an Indian chief, by the name of Alantenaida, as the highly finished card left at my house had it. Kean's ordinary card was Edmund Kean, engraved; he generally wrote underneath, 'Integer vita scelerisque purus.' I repaired to the hotel, and was conducted up stairs to the folding-doors of the hall, when the servant left me. I entered,

aided by the feeble light of the room; but at the remote end I soon perceived something like a forest of evergreens, lighted up by many rays from floor-lamps, and surrounding a stage or throne; and seated in great state was the chief. I advanced, and a more terrific warrior I never surveyed. Red Jacket or Black Hawk was an unadorned, simple personage in comparison. Full dressed, with skins tagged loosely about his person, a broad collar of bear-skin over his shoulders, his leggings, with many stripes, garnished with porcupine quills; his moccasons decorated with beads; his head decked with the war-eagle's plumes, behind which flowed massive black locks of dishevelled horse-hair; golden-coloured rings pendant from the nose and ears; streaks of yellow paint over the face, massive red daubings about the eyes, with various hues in streaks across the forehead, not very artistically drawn. A broad belt surrounded his waist, with tomahawk; his arms, with shining bracelets, stretched out with bow and arrow, as if ready for a mark. He descended his throne and rapidly approached me. His eye was meteoric and fearful, like the furnace of the cyclops. He vociferously exclaimed, *Alantenaida!* the vowels strong enough. I was relieved; he betrayed something of his raucous voice in imprecation. It was Kean. An explanation took place. He wished to know the merits of the representation. The Hurons had honoured him by admission into their tribe, and he could not now determine whether to seek his final earthly abode with them for real happiness, or return to London, and add renown to his name by performing the Son of the Forest. I never heard that he ever afterwards attempted, in his own country, the character. He was wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm at the Indian honour he had received, and declared that even Old Drury had never conferred so proud a distinction on him as he had received from the Hurons."

Here is something less in the heroic vein; but very real:—

"Mathews' arrival in New York occurred in September, 1822; the yellow fever was prevailing. I received a kind note from that benevolent man, Simpson, the manager of the Park Theatre, to hasten on board a ship off the harbour, in which was Mr. Mathews, in mental distress at the prospect of landing. The phenomena exhibited by his nervous temperament were most striking: he had been informed that one hundred and forty deaths had occurred on that day. Though some three miles off the Battery, he felt, he affirmed, the pestilential air of the city; every cloud came to him surcharged with mortality; every wave imparted from the deep exhalations of destruction. He walked the deck, tottering, and in the extremest agitation. He refused to land at the city, and insisted upon finding shelter in some remote place. Hoboken was decided upon, and thither Mr. Simpson and myself accompanied him. Some two miles from the Jersey shore, on the road towards Hackensack, Mr. Simpson found lodgings for him in a rural retreat occupied by a gardener. Here Mathews passed the night walking to and fro in his limited apartment ruminating on his probable departure, within a few hours to the world of spirits. Hoboken, as it afforded him safety, at time proved, in his extreme distress, afterwards became his favourite spot for repose during his professional toil, and very often, after his theatrical duties were discharged, he was conveyed at midnight hour to that then beautiful locality."

Some additional interest is added to the old story of the ceremony of raising a monument to George Frederick Cooke,—at which ceremony "tears fell from Kean's eyes in abundance,"—by an incident for which we were not prepared. Bishop Hobart gave his episcopal permission for the removal of Cooke's body "from the stranger's vault" to the "burial-ground of the Church of St. Paul's." This was accordingly carried out; but, in the carrying out, some sympathizing friend seems to have stolen the dead actor's head. That it is not now in the grave beneath the monument at which poor Edmund Kean "paid his last devotion" before

he left New York, the following curious passage will show:—

"The *Bread and Cheese Club* originated in 1824, through the instrumentality of James Fenimore Cooper. Shortly after, his renown burst forth as the author of the *Spy*. The selection of members for nomination to this fraternity rested, I believe, entirely with him: bread and cheese were the ballots used, and one of cheese decided adversely to admittance, so that in fact a unanimous vote was essential to membership. This association generally met at the Washington Hall once, if I remember rightly, every fortnight, during the winter season. It included a large number of the most conspicuous of professional men, statesmen, lawyers, and physicians. Science was not absent. I cannot in this place attempt any thing like an enumeration of the fellows. Our most renowned poet was Halleck, our greatest naturalist was De Kay: William and John Duer were among the representatives of the bar; Renwick, of philosophy; letters found associates in Verplanck and King; merchants, in Charles A. Davis and Philip Hone; and politicians, who had long before discharged their public trusts, were here and there chronicled in fellowship. The meetings of the Club (or Lunch) were often swelled to quite a formidable assembly by members of Congress, senators, and representatives, and in this array were often found Webster and Storrs, W. B. Lawrence, and the French minister, Hyde de Neuville. To alleviate the dryness of detail, I may here perhaps invade the sanctity of social transaction; but the occurrence to which I allude is innocent, and may be deemed curious as well as rare. A theatrical benefit had been announced at the Park, and Hamlet the play. A subordinate of the theatre at a late hour hurried to my office for a skull; I was compelled to loan the head of my old friend, George Frederick Cooke. 'Alas, poor Yorick!' It was returned in the morning; but on the ensuing evening, at a meeting of the Cooper Club, the circumstance becoming known to several of the members, and a general desire being expressed to investigate phrenologically the head of the great tragedian, the article was again released from its privacy, when Daniel Webster, Henry Wheaton, and many others who enriched the meeting of that night, applied the principles of craniological science to the interesting specimen before them; the head was pronounced capacious, the function of animality amply developed; the height of the forehead ordinary; the space between the orbits of unusual breadth, giving proofs of strong perceptive powers; the transverse basilar portion of the skull of corresponding width. Such was the phrenology of Cooke. This scientific exploration added to the variety and gratifications of that memorable meeting. Cooper felt as a coadjutor of Albinus, and Cooke enacted a great part that night."

—Which is more than we can say for the thief or receiver, whoever he may be. The author who has let a well-kept secret be divulged by his invasion of "the sanctity of social transaction," will, we hope, see the impropriety of again "loaning the head of his old friend," for stage or other purposes, and annex it at once to the trunk—which seems to have been subjected to a treatment to which, on this uncivilized side of the Atlantic, we should be disposed to apply an ugly name.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Manual of Sepulchral Memorials. By the Rev. Edward Trollope. (Piper & Co.)—Nollekins the sculptor used to keep on hand every possible variety of marble memorials of departed worth. He had even epitaphs ready, and as much of inscription engraved as would be of general application. The old artist was wordily wise. He had discovered that hot grief was a liberal patron, but that if Time, the great consoler, took part in the order, the gratitude of heirs and the affliction of mourners became wonderfully modified. This volume really does for the tomb trade what Nollekins did only for himself,—but it also goes much further.

Its chief object is to aid the bereaved in selecting designs and epitaphs suitable, expressive and fully indicative of the love and esteem in which the departed "have been held while living,"—a phrase which points to the undeniable fact, that no persons are so readily forgotten as the dead. To carry out this object, Mr. Trollope reviews very briefly the sculpture of death and the literature of cemeteries; and finding both bad, gives nineteen plates of designs for sepulchral monuments, and forty-three pages of epitaphs, under the several heads of—faith, prayer, penitence, hope, resignation, confidence, consolation, commendation, sudden death, the drowned, the aged, the deaf and blind, marital, children, the clergy, miscellaneous, and poetical, the last amounting to more than a half of the whole. In the selection of them, the labour of research and the embarrassments of choice must have been considerable, but the editor has been fully equal to his task, and while the book will prove useful to those for whom it has been especially compiled, it will also be found of interest to those persons who love to have at hand a treasure of solemn truths, which they may open at will for edification.

History of Wesleyan Methodism. Vol. II. The Middle Age. By George Smith, LL.D. (Longman & Co.)—A year ago—[Athen. No. 1547]—the first volume of this carefully executed history was noticed. The second volume gives us no reason to qualify our praise. The book is one which must, we fancy, be consulted by any person who may in future write the history of religious sectarianism in England; and though it lies, for obvious reasons, beyond the scope of the lay reviewer bound to avoid theological discussion, there is much in it to engage the attention of every thinker. It may add very little to his old experience of the course of human affairs, but that course is here characteristically and vividly illustrated anew.—Mr. Smith tells us in this second volume how, on the decease of Wesley, to whom Methodism came rather than by whom it was contrived, an instantaneous schism occurred, no final code or canon having been bequeathed by him by which the private judgment of agitation could be overawed into silence. Such is the inevitable history of Dissent. A. must outdo B. in protest, C. will sit in judgment on D.'s rendering; E. goes further—and accuses F. of malversation and of yielding to paltry personal influences. On these terms, and no other, must human protest against human infallibility be accepted and make its way. It must penetrate by splittings and heartburnings and proceedings which look low and are disheartening, yet which are as inevitable as the sequence of the hours of the day or the harvest which follows seed-time, more or less pinched, more or less plenteous as sun and rain have made it. That the present state of Methodism is different from its past—more ornate—less fanatical—more intellectually in harmony with the natural desires and aspirations of every cultivated human being, Mr. Smith will not deny. Every sect must undergo some such change—and out of such very ferment in which it is born arrive at refinement. Whether the old coarse heart of sincerity can remain to it when zealous nonconformity has ceased, and when conformity has begun to whisper its temptations into the ears of the rich, luxurious and educated, let philosophers decide. Then let them further sit in *Sanhedrin* on the details of conversions, revivals, miraculous answers to prayer, into which our historian enters with eagerness, appetite and belief. His work, being an apology for and an exponent of Methodism, is commendably clear of that rancorous spirit which might have justifiably been provoked in any narrow Methodist by the comments of those belonging to an outer world who have sneered at that which they took small pains to fathom.

The "letter" of the Methodist discipline was for a long time represented in terms so opprobrious that it is much for a writer thoroughly possessed with the spirit of the creed to have steered so clear of opprobrium in reply and defence as the author of this interesting piece of church history has done.

A Short Account of the Ancient British Church. By Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart. (Ridgway.)—The author thinks that Pope Gregory and Augustine

have received a far larger share of the merit of introducing Christianity into the British Islands than they deserve, while the labours of the Culdees of Bangor, St. Patrick, St. Columba, and the Monks of Iona and Lindisfarne have been underrated. To correct this error, he has published an account of the Ancient British Church, wherein if there is nothing of novelty in the facts, or of originality in the mode of treating them, we have at least a plain narrative, written without affectation or pretence, of events which must always interest the student of British history.

Cathédrale Petri. A Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. Books III., IV., and V. From the Close of the Fifth to the Middle of the Ninth Century. By Thomas Greenwood. (Stewart.)—Mr. Greenwood has fallen into a controversy with the critics of ecclesiastical history on two principal points. He discredits the residence, the preaching, and the martyrdom of the Apostle Peter at Rome, and the structure and character of the primitive Church constitution. Upon both of these questions, he publishes an elaborate argument in the Preface to his second volume, receding from his position in relation to neither. The narrative has now been extended as far as the restoration of images and the defeat of iconoclasm by the Emperor Michael the Third; and this portion of it treats of several interesting periods—that of Zeno's Henoticon, that of Theodosius, surnamed the Great, that of Justinian, and that of Gregory the Great—leading on to the reigns of Charlemagne and Louis the Pius. Mr. Greenwood relates, with care and impartiality, the controversies of "the titles"—the Monothelite, the Ravennatine, and the Iconoclastic, refusing to concern himself with dogmas in any other capacity than that of a political historian. The consequence is, that while his indifference will be offensive in some quarters, it entitles his work to a standard reputation, as a full, scholarly, and well-constructed narrative, based upon manuscript as well as printed materials, and sufficiently distinct in style to be read without fatigue. The writing is still heavy, dense, and deficient in animation, as if the dust of Theodosius and Evagrius had choked Mr. Greenwood's inkstand; but the level formalism of his language may not be unsuited, in the sight of a peculiar class of readers, to a chronicle of the Eunodian doctrine, the rescripts of Hormisdas, ancient church legislation, the "three chapters" controversy, the struggles of Papal and Regal jurisdiction, the vicissitudes of Arianism, the British churches in the seventh century, the condemnation of the Ecthesis of Heraclius, the Quinisext Council and the Studite factions. That ecclesiastical history might be composed in a form of Gothic or Byzantine richness, although not denied as a possibility, appears not to be favoured as a theory by the historians of that class, for there is, so to speak, a grey and solemn monotony in their language, resembling monastic serge or the stones of ancient cloisters. Mr. Greenwood is no exception. He is laboriously dull in his method, although his subject increases in interest as he approaches later times, and passes the era of Charlemagne. Historical students will not be deterred by the literary defects of the volume from reading the ample chapters on the Justinian period, the famous "title" Monothelite, and Ravennatine controversies, and the still more fierce and celebrated polemics carried on between the champions and assailants of image-worship. Mr. Greenwood deals learnedly and critically with these great passages in the fortunes of the Christian church, and never advances any special view without citing to the point a number of consistent and authoritative witnesses. When the book is complete, it will be one, we think, not likely to be superseded.

Educational topics are treated in the following pamphlets:—*Can we adapt the Public School System to the Middle Classes?* By Henry Hayman, B.D.,—*A Report of an Examination into the Working Results and Tendencies of the Chief Public Educational Experiments in Great Britain and Ireland.* By the Rev. William Fraser,—*On Commercial Training, with Suggestions as to its Place in College and School Instruction.* By John Knox; and *The Philosophy of Teaching; or, Psychology in its Relation*

tion to Intellectual Culture. By Joseph D. Everett, M.A.—To candidates for the Civil Service is addressed a useful little volume, *What to Read, and How to Read It*. By "A Graduate of Oxford, a Graduate of Cambridge, and a London Schoolmaster."—The titles of several foreign tracts may be stated serially, if not classed together:—Dr. Ferdinand Piper's *Karls des Grossen Kalendarium und Osterstafel aus der Pariser Urschrift Herausgegeben und Erläutert nebst einer Abhandlung über die Lateinischen und Griechischen Osterzyklen des Mittelalters*.—Niebuhr's *Heroengeschichten, with Notes and Vocabulary*. By Dr. A. Buchheim; *Bulletin de la Société Liégeoise de Littérature Wallonne*—the first report—and *Panégyrique de Jeanne d'Arc*, pronounced at the May festival last year, by Mgr. Gillis, Bishop of Limyra, "in presence of His Grandeur Monseigneur Félix-Antoine Philibert Duponloup, Bishop of Orleans." To another category belong *The British Catalogue of Books published during the Year 1857*; and *A List of Books printed in England prior to the Year MDC. in the Library of the Hon. Society of King's Inn, Dublin*. By James D. Haig.—*Merit versus Patronage* is an inquiry into the present position of the question of Civil Service competition, and *Public Competition and Public Works*, a letter on the Wellington Monument rivalry.—Professor Ferrier addresses the Lord Advocate of Scotland *On the Necessity of a Change in the Patronage of the University of Edinburgh*; and the Rev. E. Haskins, M.A., presents himself with *The Problem Solved; or, a Practicable Scheme of Decimal Coinage for the People, with Answers to Lord Overstone's Questions*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Addison's *Traits and Stories of Anglo-Indian Life*, post 8vo. 5s. cl. Archæology: Portfolio, or Selection of Curious Designs of Art, 21s. Blake's *Long Vacation in Continental Picture Galleries*, 22s. cl. Bibliotheca Classica, "Euphrates," Vol. 1, Complete, 18s. cl. Bibliotheca Classica, "Cicero's Orations," Vol. 1, Complete, 18s. cl. Chatterton's *The Reigning Beauty*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl. Chippendale's *Old English and French Ornaments*, 4to. 28s. hfbd. Colquhoun's *Life in the Olden Time*, 18s. 6d. cl. Colquhoun's *Salmon-Casts and Stray Shots*, 2s. 6d. cl. Colquhoun's *Anglo-Saxon Poems*, 2s. 6d. cl. Da Costa's *Excavations; or, the Spoliation of Oude*, 3rd edit. 2s. 6d. De Perquet's *Italica*, Grammar, 4th edit. 15s. 2s. 6d. cl. Dexler's *Text Book of Mineral Substances*, 18mo. 1s. cl. Ellerton's *Hand Book of History in Medals*, 2 vols. 8vo. 2s. cl. French's *Account of a Mountain Journey*, 2s. cl. Macmillan Library, "Christianity in the Business of Life," 1s. awd. Ferguson's *English Surnames*, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Garstone Hall: "A Tale," post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Hunter's *Proceedings in the Court of Equity*, 18mo. 7s. 6d. cl. Johnson's *Designs for Chimney Glasses and Chimney Pieces*, 8vo. 5s. Lévi's *Dictionary*, Fr. and Eng., by Lambert, 16th edit. 6s. 6d. Macdonald's *Doctrine of Attenuation*, 2d edit. 12s. cl. Macmillan's *Principles of French Sculpture*, 7s. 6d. Muir's *First-Fruits*; or, *Addresses to the Young*, 18mo. 1s. 6d. Neale's *Readings for the Aged*, 4th Series, 18mo. 5s. 6d. cl. New *Dictionary of Quotations*, Greek, Latin, &c. 2s. 6d. O'Brien's *Prize Essays on Canals and Internal Conveyance*, 8vo. 2s. 6d. Scott's *A Tale of Two Cities*, 4s. 6d. cl. Paul's *American Plants*, their History and Culture, or. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Phillips's *Tourist's Companion to Counties of Scotland*, 18mo. 5s. cl. Portfolio of Ancient Capital Letters, Monograms, &c. fol. 10s. ed. Portfolio of Greek Architectural Fragments, 48s. cl. Portfolio of Drawings of Gothic Architecture, 4to. 28s. cl. Portfolio of Engineering Engravings, 4to. 28s. cl. Pulpit (The), Vol. 73, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Punch! Vol. 34, 4s. 6d. cl. Prayers and Maxims, 2nd edit. 18mo. 3s. cl. Prayers and Maxims, 3rd edit. 18mo. 3s. cl. Rouse's *Practical Conveyances*, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 36s. cl. Smith's *National Illustrated Reading and Spelling Book*, 1s. cl. Spurgin's *Drainage of Cities*, 8vo. 1s. 6d. awd. Steam Navigation, Vessels of Iron and Wood, &c. fol. 21. 12s. 6d. Stoddard's *History of the United States*, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. cl. Todd's *Complete Works*, new edit. 18mo. 4s. 6d. cl. French on the Authorized Version of the New Testament, 8vo. 5s. Trollope's *Manual of Sepulchral Memorials*, 3s. cl. Trollope's *Second Love*; or, *Beauty and Intellect*, 8vo. 2s. bds. Trollope's *Three Powerless Women*, 8vo. 2s. bds. Warren's *The Economical Cookery Book*, 3rd edit. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Weale's *Classical Series*, "Homer's Iliad," Notes by Leary, Books 1-6, 1s. 6d. bds.—"Do-Do Books" 1-12, 1s. 6d. bds.—"Homer's Odyssey," Notes by Leary, Books 1-6, 1s. 6d. bds. Which? or, *Eddies round the Rectory*, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. cl. Wood's *Common Objects of the Sea Shore*, new edit. 8vo. 2s. 6d. *American Importations*.

Beecher's *Life's Thoughts*, 8vo. 6s. cl. Binner's *Respiratory Air-Breathing Mollusks of the U.S.*, 3 vols. 8vo. cl. plain 5s. 6d. cl. Cleveland's *Compendium of American Literature*, 8vo. 12s. cl. Ebbank's *Thoughts on Matter and Force*, 18mo. 4s. 6d. cl. French's *History of Syria*, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. cl. Lora Monter (Lectures), 7v., with Autograph, 8vo. 5s. cl. Peck's *Wyoming*, Its History and Stirring Adventures, or. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Power of Grace (The), or *Narratives of Wonderful Conversions*, 8s. cl. Stratton's *Captivity of Oatman Girls*, 7s.

THE AIR IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Manchester, July.

As the notice you gave of a paper of mine read to the Chemical Society in May "On the Air in Great Cities" was rather short, and as it seems to me that the public generally will take more interest in it than in the papers generally read before Societies devoted to the exact sciences, I

take the liberty of sending a few particulars relating to what is the most novel portion. You may know that I have for several years paid attention to the condition of the air of towns, and have during that time frequently endeavoured to obtain a ready mode of estimating the organic matter; I have not, however, until lately found a method of doing so with any satisfaction. Most of my experiments have lasted over days or weeks until I adopted this new process, which does not require half an hour. It is done by finding how much of a solution of permanganate of soda will be decomposed by a given amount of air. The indications given by this are very beautiful, and illustrate those truths which sanitary economy has long been teaching with indifferent success to the country. I find as much difference between the back streets of a town and the air of a hilly district in the north of Lancashire as from 1 to 22. In other words, there was found in the air of a close court 22 times more matter capable of decomposing the solution than there was found in a free hilly district. I have not yet determined on the scale which I shall recommend to be used, but I believe it will be given in figures not far differing from the following. On examining the condition of the air as we advance from the more central points of Manchester the following numbers on an arbitrary scale were obtained. The first number does not represent the centre, but a point about half a mile distant from it, each number represents a point about one-third of a mile further on.

No. 1	52	No. 7	38
2	44	8	36
3	40	9	30
4	42	10	30
5	40	11	27
6	73	12	15

No. 6 was at a point where a brook receives the drainage of the village of Rusholme. The hills gave 5. The wind was following the experiment out of town for a while, when it changed and rapidly brought down the numbers. I expect that this instrument will be used for registering the condition of the air daily in all important places, and that it will be a guide and a warning to a healthy residence. During the summer I intend to make numerous experiments in every variety of situation. As by this means the amount of putrescible matter in the air is measured, I mean to call it a *sepometer*. The use of the blood as an actual test for air is a novelty, but I will not go into particulars on that subject. The sepometer will register the condition of the air so as to decide at what point the Thames begins to do injury, and at what point it ceases; how far also it extends its influence into the city on both sides. Its delicacy is such that it registers many steps lower than the point of which the ordinary smell is capable of taking cognizance. It clearly and distinctly tells the state of ventilation of a room. Its absolute point of delicacy in all situations will only be attained after numerous inquiries.—I am, &c.

R. ANGUS SMITH.

ADDISON PORTRAIT.

Cloughton, Cheshire.

Having read your articles entitled "Romance of a Portrait," giving some account of the history of a portrait at Holland House, long supposed to be that of Addison, I venture to call your attention to a portrait I have of him. It is 51 inches high and 43 inches wide. He is represented standing beside a table upon which are two volumes of Rymer's "Fœderæ" and various papers, upon one of which is written "Memorial." In his right hand he holds a letter upon which is written the following superscription: "Joseph Add" — the rest being covered by his thumb, "of his Majesty's privy" — the rest of this line is also covered by his thumb, "Secretary of State" forming the third and last line. He has a large, flowing, full-bottomed wig, large, loose coat with long skirts, buttoned up to the chin, except where his left hand, which has ruffles to the wrist and a deep, wide cuff and large buttons, is thrust into his bosom. Round his neck is a white neckcloth in folds, the long ends of which are trimmed with lace, and hang down over the breast of the coat. The face is that of a man of

about fifty-five, noble and benevolent looking, slightly ruddy like a man accustomed to live well, pleasing and even handsome, with a high forehead, deep, intellectual-looking eyes, well-proportioned and rather small mouth, well-formed chin, tending slightly towards a double one. From the general style of the picture, which is of a high order of portrait painting, and the beautiful manner in which the hand is painted, a thing in which Kneller excelled, myself and others have always presumed it to be Sir Godfrey. As a work of Art, it is infinitely superior to that exhibited in the Manchester Exhibition by Mr. Baker, of Bayfordbury. It is in perfect preservation, and, I believe, in its original carved frame. His name being on the letter he has in his hand, and which he may be supposed to have just received and been reading, I think affirms that it can be no other than Addison himself. I regret to say I can give little of its history. It was amongst many other pictures sold at the sale in 1852 of the effects of my late uncle Mr. Harry Verelst at Aston Hall, Rotherham, Yorkshire. It had been there above forty years, and, I have understood, was bought at a sale in London. Should any of your readers feel a curiosity to inspect it, they are perfectly welcome to do so.—I am, &c.

CHARLES VERELST.

PROF. JOHN TYNDALL ON THE MER-DE-GLACE.

The law first established by Prof. J. D. Forbes, that the central portions of a glacier moved faster than the sides, was amply illustrated by the deportment of lines of stakes placed across the Mer-de-Glace at several places, and across the tributaries of the glacier. The portions of the Mer-de-Glace derived from these tributaries were easily traceable throughout the glacier by means of the *moraines*. Thus, for example, that portion of the trunk stream derived from the Glacier du Géant, might be distinguished in a moment from the portion derived from the other tributaries, by the absence of the débris of the moraines upon the surface of the déferre. The commencement of the dirt formed a distinct junction between both portions. Attention has been drawn by Prof. Forbes to the fact, that the eastern side of the glacier in particular, is "excessively crevassed"; and he accounts for this crevassing by supposing that the Glacier du Géant moves most swiftly, and in its effort to drag its more sluggish companions along with it, tears them asunder, and thus produces the fissures and dislocation for which the eastern side of the glacier is remarkable. The speaker said that too much weight must not be attached to this explanation. It was one of those suggestions which are perpetually thrown out by men of science during the course of an investigation, and the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of which cannot materially affect the merits of the investigator. Indeed, the merits of Forbes must be judged on far broader grounds; and the more his labours are compared with those of other observers, the more prominently does his comparative intellectual magnitude come forward. The speaker would not content himself with saying that the book of Prof. Forbes was the best book which had been written upon the subject. The qualities of mind, and the physical culture invested in that excellent work, were such as to make it, in the estimation of the physical investigator at least, outweigh all other books upon the subject taken together. While thus acknowledging its merits, let a free and frank comparison of its statements with facts be instituted. To test whether the Glacier du Géant moved quicker than its fellows, five different lines were set out across the Mer-de-Glace, in the vicinity of the Montenvert, and in each of these it was found that the point of swiftest motion did not lie upon the Glacier du Géant at all; but was displaced so as to bring it comparatively close to the eastern side of the glacier. These measurements prove that the statement referred to is untenable; but the deviation of the point of swiftest motion from the centre of the glacier will doubtless be regarded by Prof. Forbes as of far greater importance to his theory. At the place where these measurements were made, the glacier turns its convex curvature to the eastern side of the valley, being concave towards the Montenvert. Let us take a bolder analogy than

even that suggested in the explanation of Forbes, where he compares the Glacier du Géant to a strong and swiftly flowing river. Let us inquire how a river would behave in sweeping round a curve similar to that here existing. The point of swiftest motion would undoubtedly lie on that side of the centre of the stream towards which it turns its convex curvature. Can this be the case with the ice? If so, then we ought to have a shifting of the point of maximum motion towards the eastern side of the valley, when the curvature of the glacier so changes as to turn its convexity to the western side. Such a change of flexure occurs opposite the passages called *Les Ponts*, and at this place the view just enunciated was tested. It was soon ascertained that the point of swiftest motion here lay at a different side of the axis from that observed lower down. But to confer strict numerical accuracy upon the result, stakes were fixed at certain distances from the western side of the glacier, and others *at equal distances* from the eastern side. The velocities of these stakes were compared with each other, two by two; a stake on the western side being always compared with a second one which stood at the same distance from the eastern side. The results of this measurement are given in the following table, the numbers denoting inches:—

1st pair.	2nd pair.	3rd pair.	4th pair.	5th pair.
West 15	West 17	West 22	West 23	West 23
East 12	East 15	East 15	East 18	East 19

It is here seen that in each case the western stake moved more swiftly than its eastern fellow stake; thus proving, beyond a doubt, that opposite the Ponts the western side of the Mer-de-Glace moves swiftest: a result precisely the reverse of that observed where the curvature of the valley was different.

But another test of the explanation is possible. Between the Ponts and the promontory of Trélaporte, the glacier passes a point of contrary flexure, its convex curvature opposite to Trelaporte being turned towards the base of the Aiguille du Moine, which stands on the eastern side of the valley. A series of stakes was placed across the glacier here; and the velocities of those placed at certain distances from the western side were compared, as before, with those of stakes placed at the same distances from the eastern side. The following table shows the result of these measurements; the numbers as before denote inches:—

1st pair. West 12 East 14	2nd pair. West 15 East 17½	3rd pair. West 17½ East 19
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Here we find that in each case the *eastern* stake moved faster than its fellow. The point of maximum motion has therefore once more crossed the axis of the glacier, being now upon its eastern side.

Determining the points of maximum motion for a great number of transverse sections of the Mer-de-Glace, and uniting these points, we have the *locus* of the curve described by the point referred to. Fig. 1 represents a sketch of the Mer-de-Glace. The dotted line is drawn along the centre of the glacier; the defined line which crosses the axis of the glacier at the point A is then the *locus* of the point of swiftest motion. It is a curve more deeply sinuous than the valley itself, and crosses the central line of the valley at each point of contrary flexure. The speaker drew attention to the fact that the position of towns upon the banks of rivers is usually on the convex side of the stream, where the rush of the water renders silting-up impossible: the Thames was a case in point; and the same law which regulated its flow and determined the position of the adjacent towns, is at this moment operating with silent energy among the Alpine glaciers.

Another peculiarity of glacier motion is now to be noticed.

Before any observations had been made upon the subject, it was surmised by Prof. Forbes that the portions of a glacier near its bed were retarded by friction against the latter. This view was afterwards confirmed by his own observations, and by those of M. Martins. Nevertheless, the state of our knowledge upon the subject rendered further confirmation of the fact highly desirable. A rare opportunity for testing the question was furnished by an almost vertical precipice of ice, constituting the side of the Glacier du Géant, which was exposed near the Tacul. The precipice was about 140 feet in height. At the top and near the bottom stakes were fixed, and by hewing steps in the ice, the speaker succeeded in fixing a stake in the face of the precipice at a point about 40 feet above the base. After the lapse of a sufficient number of days, the progress of the three stakes was measured; reduced to the diurnal rate, the motion was as follows:—

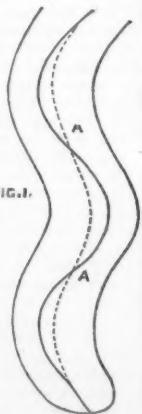
A	20'55 inc
B	15'43
C	12'75

A, B, C, were therefore fixed upon the axis of the Glacier du Géant, A being the highest up the glacier. The distance between A and B was 545 yards; and that between B and C was 487 yards. The daily velocities of these three points, determined by the theodolite, were as follows:—

The result completely corroborates the foregoing anticipation. The hinder points are incessantly advancing upon those in front, and that to an extent sufficient to shorten a segment of this glacier, measuring 1,000 yards in length, at the rate of 8 in. a day. Were this rate uniform at all seasons, the shortening would amount to 240 feet in a year. When we consider the compactness of this glacier, and the uniformity in the width of the valley which it fills, this result cannot fail to excite surprise; and the exhibition of force thus rendered manifest, must, in the speaker's opinion, be mainly instrumental in driving the glacier through the jaws of the granite vice at Trélaporte.

Attention was next drawn to a remarkable system of seams of white ice, which, when observed from a sufficient distance, appears to sweep across the Glacier du Géant, in the direction of the "dirt-bands." These seams are more resistant than the ordinary ice of the glacier, and sometimes protrude above the latter to a height of 3 or 4 feet. Their origin was for some time a difficulty, and it was at the base of the ice cascade which descends from the basin of the Talfré, that the key to their solution first presented itself. It was well known that the ice of a glacier is not of homogeneous structure, but that the generally more or less milky mass of the ice is traversed by blue veins of a more compact and transparent texture. In the upper portions of the Mer-de-Glace, these veins swept across the glacier in gentle curves, leaning forward,—to which leaning forward, Prof. Forbes gave the name of the "frontal dip." So far as the speaker was informed, a case of "backward dip" had never been described. Yet here, at the base of the ice cascade referred to, he had often noticed the veins exposed upon the walls of a longitudinal crevasse to lean backwards and forwards on both sides of a vertical line, like the joints of stone used to turn an arch. This fact was found to connect itself in the following way with the general state of the glacier. At the base of the ice-fall a succession of protuberances with steep frontal slopes, followed each other and were intersected by crevasses. Let the hand be placed flat upon the table, with the palm downwards; let the fingers be bent so as to render the space between the joints nearest the nails and the ends of the fingers nearly vertical. Let the second hand be now placed upon the back of the first, with its fingers bent as in the former case, and so placed that their ends rest upon the roots of the first fingers. The crumpling of the hands fairly represents the crumpling of the ice, and the spaces between the fingers represent the crevasses by which the protuberances are intersected. On the walls of these crevasses the change of dip of the veined structure before referred to was always observed, and at the base of each protuberance a vein of white ice was found firmly wedged into the mass of the glacier.

Fig. 2. represents a series of these crumples with the veins of white ice $i\ i\ i$ at their bases. It



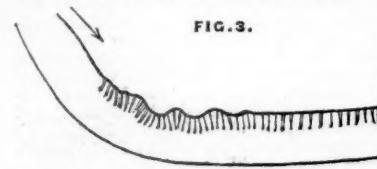
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the forward ones. The speaker was particularly anxious to test this view, which first occurred to him from *a priori* considerations. Three points,

crumpled, and formed streams which cut for themselves deep channels in the ice. These streams seem to form the exact matrices or moulds of the veins of white ice, and the latter were finally traced to the gorging up of the channels of glacial rivulets in winter by snow, and the subsequent compression of the mass to resistant white ice during the descent of the glacier. The same explanation applies to the system of bands upon the Glacier du Géant; and the speaker was enabled to trace the little arms of white ice which once were the tributaries of the streams, to see the vein of white ice dividing into branches, and uniting again so as to inclose glacial islands; he finally traced them to the region of their formation, and by sketches of existing streams, taken near the base of the *Séracs*, and of bands of white ice taken lower down, a resemblance so striking was exhibited as to leave no doubt of the connexion between both. On the walls of some deep crevasses which intersected the white ice seams at right angles he also found that the latter penetrated the glacier only to a limited depth, having the appearance of a kind of glacial "trap" intruded from above.

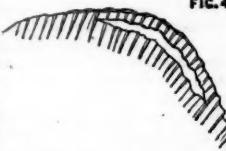
But how is the backward dip of the blue veins to be accounted for? The speaker believed in the following way. At the base of the cascade the glacier is forcibly compressed by the thrust of the mass behind it; besides this, it changes its inclination suddenly and considerably; it is bent upwards, and the consequence of this bending is a system of wrinkles, such as those represented in Fig. 3. The

FIG. 3.



interior of a bent umbrella handle sometimes presents wrinkles which are the representatives, in little, of the protuberances upon the glacier. Or the coat-sleeve is an equally instructive illustration: when the arm is bent at the elbow the sleeve wrinkles, and as the places where these wrinkles occur in the cloth are determined, to some extent, by the previous creasing, so also the places where the wrinkles are formed upon the glacier, are determined by the previous scarring of the ice during its descent down the cascade. The manner in which these wrinkles tend to scale off speaks strongly in favour of the explanation given. Fig. 4.

FIG. 4.



is a type of numerous instances of scaling off observed by the speaker, and recorded in his note-book. By means of a hydraulic press he was able to produce a perfectly similar scaling off in small masses of ice. One consequence of this crumpling of the glacier would be the backward and forward inclination of the veins as actually observed. The falling backward and forward of the veins was also observed on the wrinkles of the Glacier du Géant. It was also proved, by measurements, that these wrinkles shorten as they descend.

In virtue of what quality then can ice be bent and squeezed, and change its form in the manner indicated in the foregoing observations? The only theory worthy of serious consideration at the present day is that of Prof. Forbes, which attributes these effects to the viscosity of the ice. The speaker did not agree with this theory; as the term viscosity appeared to him to be wholly inapplicable as expressive of the physical constitution of glacier ice. He had already moulded ice into cups, bent it into rings, changed its form in a variety of ways by artificial pressure, and he had no doubt of his ability to mould a compact mass of Norway ice which stood upon the table into a statuette; but would viscosity be the proper term to apply to the process of bruising and regelation by which this

result could be attained? He thought not. A mass of ice at 32° is very easily crushed, but it has as sharp and definite a fracture as a mass of glass. There is no sensible evidence of viscosity.

The very essence of viscosity is the ability of yielding to a force of *tension*, the texture of the substance, after yielding, being in a state of equilibrium, so that it has no strain to recover from; and the substances chosen by Prof. Forbes, as illustrative of the physical condition of glacier, possess this power of being drawn out in a very eminent degree. But it has been urged, and justly urged, that we ought not to conclude that viscosity is absent because hand specimens do not show it, any more than we ought to conclude that ice is not blue because small fragments of the substance do not exhibit this colour. To test the question of viscosity, then, we must appeal to the glacier itself. Let us do so. First, an analogy between the motion of a glacier through a sinuous valley, and of a river in a sinuous channel has been already pointed out. But the analogy fails in one important particular: the river, and much more so a mass of flowing treacle, honey, tar, or melted caoutchouc, sweeps round its curves without rupture of continuity. The viscous mass stretches, but the icy mass breaks, and the "excessive crevassing," pointed out by Prof. Forbes himself, is the consequence. Secondly, the inclinations of the Mer-de-Glace and its three tributaries were taken, and the association of transverse crevasses with the changes of inclination was accurately noted. Every traveller knows the utter dislocation and confusion produced by the descent of the Mer-de-Glace from the Chapeau downwards. A similar state of things exists in the ice-cascade of the Tâlefré. Descending from the Jardin, as the ice approaches the fall, great transverse chasms are formed, which at length follow each other so speedily as to reduce the ice masses between them to mere plates and wedges, along which the explorer has to creep cautiously. These plates and wedges are in some cases bent and crumpled by the lateral pressure, and on some masses vortical forces appeared to have acted, turning large pyramids 90° round, so as to set their structure at right angles from their normal position. The ice afterwards descends the fall, the portions exposed to view being a fantastic assemblage of frozen boulders, pinnacles, and towers, some erect, some leaning, falling at intervals with a sound like thunder, and crushing the ice crags on which they fall to powder. The descent of the ice through this fall has been referred to as a proof of its viscosity; but the description just given does not, it was believed, harmonize with our ideas of a viscous substance.

But the proof of the non-viscosity of the substance must be sought at places where the change of inclination is very small. Nearly opposite L'Angle there is a change from 4 to 9 degrees, and the consequence is a system of transverse fissures which renders the glacier here perfectly impassable. Further up the glacier, transverse crevasses are produced by a change of inclination from 3 to 5 degrees. This change of inclination is accurately protracted in Fig. 5; the bend occurs at the point B;

FIG. 5.

B

it is scarcely perceptible, and still the glacier is unable to pass over it without breaking across. Thirdly, the crevasses are due to a state of strain from which the ice relieves itself by breaking: the rate at which they widen may be taken as a measure of the amount of relief demanded by the ice. Both the suddenness of their formation and the slowness with which they widen are demonstrative of the non-viscosity of the ice. For were the substance capable of stretching even at the small rate at which they widen there would be no necessity for their formation.

Further, the marginal crevasses of a glacier are known to be a consequence of the swifter flow of its central portions, which throws the sides into a state of strain from which they relieve themselves by breaking. Now it is easy to calculate the amount of stretching demanded of the ice in order to accommodate itself to the speedier central flow.

Take the case of a glacier, half a mile wide. A straight transverse element, or slice, of such a glacier, is bent in twenty-four hours to a curve. The ends of the slice move a little, but the centre moves more: let us suppose the versed sine of the curve formed by the slice in twenty-four hours to be a foot, which is a fair average. Having the chord of this arc, and its versed sine we can calculate its length. In the case of the Mer-de-Glace, which is about half a mile wide, the amount of stretching demanded would be about the eightieth of an inch in twenty-four hours. Surely, if the glacier possessed a property which could with any propriety be called viscosity, it ought to be able to respond to this moderate demand; but it is not able to do so; instead of stretching as a viscous body, in obedience to this slow strain, it breaks as an eminently fragile one, and marginal crevasses are the consequence. It may be urged that it is not fair to distribute the strain over the entire length of the curve: but reduce the distance as we may, a residue must remain which is demonstrative of the non-viscosity of the ice.

To sum up then, two classes of facts present themselves to the glacier investigator, one class in harmony with the idea of viscosity, and another as distinctly opposed to it. Where *pressure* comes into play we have the former, where *tension* comes into play we have the latter. Both classes of facts are reconciled by the assumption, or rather the experimental verity, that the fragility of ice and its power of regelation, render it possible for it to change its form without prejudice to its continuity; and no doubt was entertained that the motion of the parts of a glacier was aided by the partial liquefaction of the mass by pressure, as pointed out by Mr. James Thomson, and proved experimentally by Prof. W. Thomson, and the speaker himself.

J. T.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

SCIENCE, it would seem, objects to change its pleasant town house in Great Russell Street for any other lodging, urban or suburban. What cares Science for the growing family of her elder sister, Literature? Is not her family also growing? Not room in one house for all! And if not, she asks with a toss of her Minerva head, pray what then? If the British Museum will not hold the progeny of both, why should she move first? It is true, if Science would only think of it, that she has already obtained, for the sole uses of her family, some very pretty locations in and about London. One of her offspring, *Geographia* by name, has a pretty place near Whitehall; another, *Philosophia*, a demure damsel, has a fitting shelter at Burlington House, in Piccadilly; a third, called *Astra*, a lady given to flights, has Flamsteed Hill, at Greenwich; a fourth, *Geologia*, has a princely residence in Jermyn Street—nay, the poor Naturalist, whose threatened extrusion from rooms in Bloomsbury, which she has outgrown, and which are wanted for books, maps and music, has a snug garden at Kew, and a couple of nice plots in Regent's Park. After all, Science seems to have been very well able to take care of her children. Why then should she begrudge her elder sister the one tenement in Great Russell Street?

Mr. Pigott's gift to the county of Somerset, which we announced last week, comprises a series of illustrations of the ecclesiastical and domestic architecture of Somersetshire, executed by Messrs. John Buckler and J. Cheddell Buckler in 1827. All the churches—the stately pinnacled steeple, the plain massive square tower, and the picturesque bell-cot, with their baptismal fonts within them, many of which are of ancient date and form; several of the monastic and castellated remains, and a goodly number of that singularly-marked feature in the county—the domestic architecture—than which no other county can present so many fine examples of the period of the kings, Henry the Sixth and Henry the Seventh,—are faithfully

[†] Wherever the compressed ice is surrounded by a resistant mass, the yielding is so gradual as to resemble a plasticity; I should have no objection to the use of this term, but the term "viscous" has undoubtedly led to erroneous conceptions of the physical qualities of glacier ice.

recorded. The modern mansions, the town halls, and the ancient churches and market crosses are likewise represented. The drawings are in india-ink, touched with the pen; and some of them are of much artistic merit, while others are feeble, and possess little character. In addition to this famous collection, a drawing-book of the English abbatial and collegiate seals has been presented. These drawings are executed by Mr. B. Howlett in india-ink. This gift is deposited, for the present at least, in the Museum of the Somersetshire Archaeological Society at Taunton.

Dr. Livingstone has started inland from Cape Town—and is probably now at the Zambezi. He seems to be in excellent health and spirits, and the new explorations are commencing under extremely favourable circumstances.

The Atlantic telegraph fails for the moment. That the wires may hereafter be safely laid down in the Atlantic bed we cannot doubt; yet it seems to be now established by a series of expensive and instructive failures that our knowledge needs pushing somewhat further—that our machinery needs many improvements—are we can hope to overcome the enormous and unascertained difficulties presented by the mid-ocean depths and currents. As yet—owing to the absence of the *Agamemnon*—we are unacquainted with the exact cause of failure. The arrival in port of that vessel may, however, tell us little more than that the cable parted by a lurch of the ship or a wash of the waves.

Should any of our readers mean to visit Cherbourg, let them not forget that passports are required on entering France—even for an hour. A large party from Weymouth were refused a landing this week. By the way, contemporaries, both French and English, are beginning to suspect that the Queen has been invited to Cherbourg, and that the French Mediterranean and Channel fleets are to be united within sixty miles of Hampshire or Sussex. Our readers can assure them the news is quite true. Eight weeks ago they were made aware that the invitation had arrived, and that the Imperial programme included the offer of a trip to Paris and a voyage down the Seine. Our readers also knew, in spite of the denials of French journals, that the Emperor meant to bring every gun that he could float to the rendezvous. Clouds then darkened the horizon, and Ministers feared to answer for the Queen's visit; but it has been again pressed in friendly warmth on her acceptance, and it is understood that she is personally inclined to cross over and see the completed stronghold—the Sebastopol of the Channel. "My great object," said the first Emperor at St. Helena—and his words are rather impudently reproduced in a Paris pamphlet believed to spring from ministerial inspiration—"was to concentrate at Cherbourg all our maritime forces—and in time they would, when needed, have been immense—in order to strike a grand blow at the enemy. I laid out my plan in such a manner that the two nations would have been, so to speak, forced to struggle hand to hand; and the issue could not have been doubtful, for we should have had more than forty millions of French against fifteen millions of English; I should have terminated it by a battle of Actium."

The Board of Trade has translated and printed some very interesting statistical returns made by the Dutch Government relative to the herring fishery. From these it appears that the direction of the wind has very little influence on the take, but more fish are taken when the wind is high than during a calm. The average take of each ship is 666 barrels.

The Association of German Naturalists and Physicians have just issued a circular stating that the twenty-fourth meeting of the Association will be held this year at Carlsruhe, from the 16th to the 22nd of September, under the presidency and direction of MM. Eisenlohr, Professor of Physics in the École Polytechnique and Prof. Bolzert. The circular adds that the Grand-Duke of Baden who takes considerable interest in science, will do all in his power to render the meeting pleasant and useful, and holds out the promise of a cordial welcome and hospitality from the inhabitants of Carlsruhe. Already Liebig, Bunsen, Argelander,

Erman and Dove have engaged to attend the meeting.

Pursuing the good precedent of making the South Kensington Museum as useful as possible in the evening, the Lord President of the Council has directed the Museum to be lighted up for the 23rd of July, when the privilege of inviting will be conceded exclusively to the manufacturers who have sent productions to the Exhibition of Art-Manufactures designed by students of the Schools of Art.

The long-expected Report of the Ordnance Survey Commissioners has been presented to Parliament. The Commissioners deprecate the completion of those parts of the United Kingdom which remain unsurveyed on the six-mile scale because it would involve an expenditure of £778,419. They recommend that the Survey should be completed in the following manner. The survey of the cultivated parts of the kingdom on the 25 inch scale; the moorlands on 1-inch, and that a 1-inch map of the United Kingdom should be published containing plans or *cadastres* of the cultivated parts. These works are estimated to cost £53,000*l.* and to occupy about eight years. The final determination of the question to extend the Survey on the 1,250th or 25,344-inch scale is left to the legislature.

We willingly insert the correction contained in the first part of the following letter, though the unfairness complained of is verbal rather than real:—

"Oxford, June 5.

"Oxford, June 5.

"Your last week's notice of my article on Metaphysics contains a passage likely, I think, to convey to your readers an erroneous impression of the purpose of that article, and the manner in which it has been carried out. The Reviewer observes:—'Mr. Mansel endeavours to establish a science of reality in three directions,—God, nature, and man,—but, in his own view even, is fully successful in the last alone.' Now, I certainly never dreamed of 'endeavouring to establish' anything of the kind,—and it is scarcely fair to charge a writer with want of success in building up an edifice which he only touched for the purpose of pulling down. The threefold division of Ontology is no theory of mine. I found it already established, and had no option but to notice it, with approbation or the reverse. The purpose of that portion of my article was to show that, in relation to two at least out of the three branches, 'a science of

reality,' in the metaphysical sense of the term, had not been, and could not be, constructed; and, at the same time, to point out the source of the error which had led to so many vain attempts at construction. Thus far my opinion is apparently not very different from that held by the Reviewer himself. As regards the third branch, I shall say nothing at present,—except that, instead of my theory making it 'impossible to escape from the pantheism of Spinoza and the *Mystics*,' it appears to me to lead to the diametrically opposite result. I must also respectfully dissent from the Reviewer's assertion that 'personal identity is a quality or attribute,'—for surely, unless personal identity be pre-supposed, there is no subject to which the quality or attribute can belong. But these are matters of opinion which it would be too great a trespass on your columns to discuss at length.—I am, &c. H. L. MANSEL."

—With regard to these objections to our criticism, Mr. Mansel is right in supposing that we have not space to discuss with him whether knowledge constitutes existence, in other words, whether the offspring is its own parent,—or whether sameness, identity, is a substance or an attribute;—nor, we conceive, is it very necessary to do so.

One of the oldest and best known members of European society, Mrs. Marcket, has just died, at the advanced age of ninety. Popular as a scientific writer for the young (it is almost superfluous to name her "Conversations," on different subjects, so widely circulated have these been), Mrs. Marcket claims, too, record in a literary journal as one who, for something like three parts of a century, held a distinct place in the English and foreign worlds of Letters and Art. She belonged both to England and Switzerland, dividing her time betwixt the two

countries; and there were few persons of any celebrity who, at one time or other, did not form part of her circle. In conversation she was ingenious rather than original,—to a late period of her life bright and ready in making new acquaintances, as well as in meeting old friends. Few have kept pace with their time more completely than Mrs. Marcer,—whose name, as a member of society, will live in the same book, if not in the same page, which records the names of the Berrys, and the Baillies, and Lady Dacre, and Miss Edgeworth, and others of our countrywomen, remarkable for lives of literary distinction, prolonged beyond the ordinary limit of human existence.

The Fifth Annual General Meeting of the Surrey Archaeological Society will be held next Tuesday, at Farnham. The Bishop of Winchester will preside. The meeting will be held in the Castle, where the chair will be taken at 12 o'clock precisely. Archaeological papers, the opening of a barrow, and excursions in the beautiful neighbourhood make up an attractive programme.

During the present week a Silver Penny of Jaenberht, Archbishop of Canterbury, an unpublished variety, weight $1\frac{1}{4}$ grains, has been sold by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson for the high sum of 100 guineas; and a gold coin of Maximianus, *obv. MAXIMIANVS. P. F. AVG.*, laurested head to the right, *rev. SALVS. AVGGG.*, Salus standing, feeding a serpent; in the exergue, M.L., of the highest rarity, and in the finest state of preservation, for 32*l.* 5*s.*

A well-attended meeting of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society was held in Middleton Hall, Islington, on Wednesday evening, G. Godwin, Esq., in the chair. Papers were read by Mr. Deputy Lott, 'On Sir Richard Whittington,'—by the Rev. T. Hugo, 'On Medieval Pilgrimages and their Memorials,' in illustration of his fine collection of pilgrims' signs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries,—and by Prof. Tennant, 'On the Regalia in the Tower.'

Mr. Albert Smith—by this time far on his way to China—shut up “Mont Blanc,” with its surroundings and additions, for good and all on Tuesday evening, after having repeated his entertainment only 2,000 times, without any apparent flagging of spirits or failure of voice, and singularly little diminution of interest on the part of the public. We may expect to have Mr. Smith’s dealings with “the Celestial Empire” towards Christmas.

The Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers have just awarded the following premiums for papers read at the meetings during the past session:—A Telford Medal to J. A. Longridge, and a Council Premium of Books to C. H. Brooks, for their paper ‘On Submerging Telegraphic Cables’;—Telford Medals to G. Robertson for his ‘Investigation into the Theory and Practice of Hydraulic Mortar,’—to J. Henderson for his paper ‘On the Methods generally employed in Cornwall in dressing Tin and Copper Ores,’—to R. J. Hood for his paper ‘On the Arrangement and Construction of Railway Stations,’—to Major-Gen. G. B. Tremen-

Railway Services,'—to Major-Gen. G. B. Freeman-heere for his paper 'On Public Works in the Bengal Presidency,' and to A. Giles for his paper 'On the Construction of the Southampton Docks.'—A Watt Medal and the Manby Premium to G. L. Molesworth for his paper 'On the Conversion of Wood by Machinery.'—A Watt Medal to T. S. Sawyer for his paper 'On the Principal Self-acting and other Tools employed in the Manufacture of Engines, Steam-boilers, &c.'—A Council Premium of Books, suitably bound and inscribed, to F. C. Webb for his paper 'On the Practical Operations connected with Paying-out and Repairing Submarine Telegraph Cables,'—to Henry Conybeare for his 'Description of Works recently executed for the Water Supply of Bombay, in the East Indies,'—to S. A. Varley for his paper 'On the Qualifications requisite in a Submarine Cable, for most efficiently transmitting Messages between distant Stations,'—to R. C. Despard for his 'Description of Improvements on the Second Division of the River Lee, with Remarks on the Position of Canals generally,'—to A. Wright for his paper 'On Lighting Mines by Gas,' and to J. Brunlees, for his 'Description of the Iron Viaducts erected

across the Estuaries Leven and Kent in Morecambe Bay, for the Ulverstone and Lancaster Railway.'—It may be mentioned that two of these awards, the Watt Medal and the Manby Premium, are now presented for the first time. The former originated with the Council, who were desirous of possessing some distinctive means of rewarding excellence in communications upon mechanical subjects. The medal has been executed by Mr. J. S. Wyon. On the obverse is a beautifully-executed medallion likeness of James Watt, and on the reverse a representation of the steam-engine as constructed by him. The Manby Premium is due to the liberality of Mr. C. Manby, who has filled the office of secretary for the last nineteen years, and with so much satisfaction to the members that a few months back they presented him with a clock and candelabra, and a cheque for 200*l.* In acknowledging this handsome testimony of his services Mr. Manby requested that the Council would receive debenture stock of the value of 200*l.* bearing 5*l.* per cent. interest, to be expended in an annual premium. In accepting this offer it was resolved that the premium in question should bear the title of the "Manby Premium."

Will Close on Saturday, the 24th inst.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN. Admission, (from Eight till Seven o'clock), 1*s.*; Catalogues, 1*s.* JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, with a Collection of Pictures by Ancient Masters and deceased British Artists, is OPEN DAILY from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.*

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The Fifty-fourth Annual Exhibition is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 23, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, daily, from 9 till dusk.—Admission, 1*s.*; Season Tickets, 5*s.* each.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

The NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS. The TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 23, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, daily, from 9 till dusk.—Admission, 1*s.*; Season Tickets, 5*s.* each.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

The Last Week but One.

FRANCIS EXHIBITION.—The FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES by the Masters of the French School is OPEN to the Public, at the French Gallery, 120, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonnade.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogues, 6*d.*—Open from 9 to 6 daily.

ROSA BONHEUR'S NEW PICTURES, 'LANDAIS PEASANTS going to MARKET,' and 'MORNING in the HIGHLANDS,' together with her Portrait, by Ed. Dubufe, are NOW ON VIEW at the German Gallery, 108, New Bond Street.—Admission, 1*s.* Open from Nine till Six.

Will Close on the 14th.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PHOTOGRAPHS, STEREOSCOPES, &c., is NOW OPEN, at 10, New Coventry Street, Piccadilly, daily, from 10 till 6, admission, 1*s.*; Evenings from 7 till 10, admission, 6*d.*

Mr. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ, at ST. MARTIN'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, July 14, at Three o'clock (for the last time), his 'CHRISTMAS CAROL' on THURSDAY EVENING, July 15, at Eight o'clock, for the benefit of THE FUND FOR THE TAVERNLERS, at the HORN TREE INN, and 'MRS. GAMP.'—Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5*s.*; Areas and Galleries, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Unreserved Seats, 1*s.* Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Publishers, 180, Piccadilly; and at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Patron—H.R.H. the PRINCE CONSORT.—UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. THE PRESENT STATE of the THAMES WATER, Chemically considered by Professor GRIFFITH. THE THAMES PICTORIAL, ILLUSTRATED from its Source to the Sea, by a Series of DISSECTED VIEWS, with Descriptions of PHYSICS, CHEMISTRY, NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, MUSIC, MICROSCOPE, &c., daily. MECHANICAL MODELS in motion, explained without expense to the Inventor. A TRIP to the ADOPTED LAND of our YOUNG PRINCE, ILLUSTRATED by a Series of DRAWINGS, by Mr. LEITCH. A LECTURE on MUSIC, with VOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS, by THOMAS PEAR, Esq., every Evening at Eight. Open from Twelve to Five; Evenings, from Seven to Ten.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools and Children under ten years of age, half-price.

FATHER THAMES and his PHYSICIANS.—Dr. SEXTON will lecture on the above important subject daily, at Dr. Kahn's Museum (top of the Haymarket), at Four and Eight o'clock.—Admission 1*s.*—Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures on the Philosophy of Marriage, &c., sent post free direct from the Author on the receipt of twelve stamps.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
TUES. Zoological, 9.

SCIENTIFIC

The Butterfly Vivarium; or, Insect Home. By H. Noel Humphreys. Illustrated with Coloured Engravings. (Lay.)

THE IDEA that first struck Mr. Ward when he saw a seedling fern growing strong and green in a closed glass bottle is bringing forth abundant fruit. First came those little closed glass

conservatories that rendered possible the culture of exotic plants alike in the back attic and the drawing-room. Then followed the miniature freshwater ponds, in which the habits of sticklebacks, minnows, and all sorts of freshwater animals could be watched without the surrounding scenery of a country stream. Upon these followed the marine aquarium, with its seaweeds, and its sea anemones, its corallines and coral animals. The simple relations discovered by Mr. Ward, seem capable of a thousand varied applications, and as each is brought before us we wonder that it has never been thought of before. In the present volume Mr. Humphreys suggests, that if you combine a Ward's case and an aquarium together, there is no reason why you should not cultivate insects that live in the air of the case as well as in the water of the aquarium. Well, there is nothing new here; yet people have not thought of doing it before, and therefore Mr. Humphreys deserves some credit for the thought, and more for the energy with which he sits down to write a book about it. Of course Mr. Humphreys's book might have been a better one had he waited a few years to mature his experience; but then he would have deprived other people of the pleasure of helping to work out the perfect conditions of an insect heaven—that is, a Butterfly Vivarium. That much interesting knowledge of the habits and nature of insects may be secured by the plan proposed by Mr. Humphreys we have no doubt. Those who wish to help in the matter may proceed to form a case in this way:—

"Common grasses may form the staple of the plantation, putting in a few nice closely-grown tufty roots, and sowing grass-seed between, of the smaller and low-growing kinds. Other plants may then be added, taking care to select those which will thrive best in such a situation, but not omitting a few of the more hardy and ornamental ferns. In the earth, certain tin or zinc tubes are supposed to have been sunk, for the purpose of receiving and concealing small bottles of water, in which the stalks of different kinds of plants required for the food of the Caterpillars may be plunged, in order to keep them fresh. This contrivance is very necessary, inasmuch as the foliage often required for the Caterpillars may be of a kind that could not be made to grow within the case—that of the oak or elm, for example. We may suppose, by way of illustration, that the collector has been so fortunate in his rambles in the woods as to capture a larva of the splendid Purple Emperor, which generally feeds on the oak. It is evident that, in such a case, it would be necessary to keep a sprig of oak continually fresh and green in the Vivarium—for which purpose one of the concealed bottles of water would be found precisely the expedient required. Pots, with small plants in flower, may be plunged to their rims in other parts of the earth of the Vivarium which have been arranged for that purpose—an addition which will not only add beauty and variety to the general aspect of the structure, but at the same time furnish, in the nectaries of their blossoms, food for the Butterflies which have reached their perfect state, during the short time that they can be preserved in the Vivarium. In insect Vivaria, in which the rearing of water insects forms part of the plan, the same principles must be applied, in order to keep the water clear and pure, as those employed in freshwater Aquaria, namely, the addition of water plants and Algae, such as the favourite *Valisneria spiralis*, and one or two species of *Chara* or some of the *Oscillatoriæ*, the curious spasmodic movements of which are exceedingly interesting. These plants serve to airtight the water according to the principle first clearly announced by Ingenhousz in the last century, when he stated that 'plants immersed in water, when exposed to the action of light, emit an air known as oxygen.'"

The description of the Vivarium occupies but a few pages of Mr. Humphreys's work, the

great bulk of it is taken up with accounts of the insects which may be thus kept in confinement. On this part of his subject he displays considerable practical knowledge; and although he communicates little or nothing that is new to the entomologist, yet to persons unacquainted with Entomology his descriptions will be found of interest on account of the easy and untechnical style in which he writes. We give an extract from an account of the various kinds of beetles:—

"The Burying Beetles, sometimes called the 'Sextons,' exhibit a very interesting kind of instinct in providing for their larvae. These *Necrophori*, as they are sometimes called, are some of them very handsome, being most frequently red or orange-coloured, and finely spotted or barred with black. Gledetsch, in his 'Recreations of Natural History,' published in 1765, has given a very interesting account of their habits. He tells us that if a dead reptile or piece of flesh is placed as a bait for them at the proper season, they appear in an incredibly short time, guided no doubt by an extremely keen sense of smell, which enables them to scent it from a considerable distance. When they arrive, they appear to survey the object with a certain kind of deliberation, as though taking the measure of its dimensions; after which they at once commence digging underneath, and sometimes bury it above a foot deep, the whole operation occupying but a few hours. When the work is complete, the female deposits her eggs upon the object, and it is then covered up so as to leave but little trace of the performance. An instance is recorded of the singular manner in which their instinct enables them to overcome unexpected difficulties when they occur. A Mole, as it is said, was suspended to the upper end of a stick fixed firmly in the ground, and the scent of the carcass soon attracted the 'Sextons,' who appeared at first much disconcerted by the situation of the coveted supply of provender for their future progeny. After a kind of consultation, however, which appears to have been very much to the point, they proceeded to undermine the stick, which, yielding to a few hours' unceasing labour, at last fell, and the prize was secured and duly interred after the usual fashion."

Not the least merit of such arrangements for the cultivation of natural history is their cheapness. Neither the arrangement nor the economy is of much importance to the wealthy citizen with his country house, his garden, and his fish-pond,—but both are of the greatest interest to the poor man compelled to live in air that has been disengaged from the chimneys in London, dashed with stench from the Thames. To him it is a new life to invest his sitting-room or windowsill with the much-coveted plants and animals of the far-off country, and this could not be were its cost more than a few shillings. Amongst our labouring poor there is genuine love of science. The Spitalfields weavers are noted for their knowledge of entomology. Speaking of the little Blue Butterfly, Mr. Humphreys says:—

"This has always been one of the most coveted prizes of our entomological weavers—intelligent working men who enjoyed the study of insects long before the beautiful works of Kirby and Spence, and others, made it popular among the superior classes. At the close of a week's ceaseless toil, the Spitalfields weaver would, after work hours, take his net and collecting-case, and trudge off his score of miles in the long summer evenings to Darenth or Birch Wood, arriving time enough to capture a rich harvest of twilight-flying Moths, without fear of interruption from lords of the manor or their gamekeepers; for, as Crabbe says, in one of his imitative poems—

He fears no bailiff's wrath, no baron's blame;

His is untaxed and undisputed game.

Daniel Bydder was once one of the most industrious of these collectors, as Mr. Westwood informs us, and was employed by Dr. Leach, at that time one of the principal curators in the British Museum, to collect for him in the New Forest, where he was so fortunate as to discover and capture for the first

time in England the rare insects *Platypus cylindrus* and *Cicada Angelica*. He was also the first among the weavers to attempt a scientific arrangement of his collection, but many afterwards followed his example; and they have now a scientific society of their own as 'Practical Entomologists,' with a well-arranged collection, and general meetings on fixed evenings, like those of the more ambitious associations of the richer classes.'

In one chapter of his book, Mr. Humphreys refers to the possibility of cultivating in his *Butterfly Vivarium* species of foreign insects. Some of these are of great splendour and interest, as our dead collections testify; but to watch their changes, to see them in their living glory, would add greatly to the interest they excite. Instances of the successful rearing of insects from their eggs are given by Mr. Humphreys; and we should think it would be worth the attention of the Zoological Society to fit up an *Insect Vivarium* in their Gardens in the Regent's Park, and thus to introduce to the British public some of the insect wonders of China, Hindustan, and the New World. Already the inhabitants of Edinburgh have seen the living Leaf-Insect of the East; and there seems no reason to doubt the possibility of maintaining the life of almost any foreign insect, if its habits and food are studied. Mr. Humphreys's book has no Index, which is a fault; but it is handsomely illustrated with coloured representations of an *Insect Vivarium* and various insects, and will, we doubt not, create a taste for the domestic culture of Butterflies and their congeners.

Principles of Social Science. Vol. I. By H. C. Carey. (Philadelphia, Lippincott & Co.; London, Trübner & Co.)

This is a large volume, and there are to be two others. Any account of the whole system is impossible; but we may give a specimen. Mr. Carey began his publication of principles twenty years ago: he is certainly a mature and deliberate writer. More than this, he is readable: his pages swarm with illustrative facts and with American instances.

The most prominent feature of the book is the distinction between *trade* and *commerce*. Commerce, according to Mr. Carey, is the direct interchange between parties whose convenience requires it: trade is the intervention of a third party. According to Mr. Carey, commerce is a benefit, trade an injury: all the wars in the world are wars of trade; almost all the mischiefs in the world are mischiefs of trade.

The soldier and the trader are twins, and their pre-eminence is evidence of barbarism; while the readiness of the banker to lend money to a military power is evidence of their common understanding. We have nothing to do with the truth or falsehood of all this: we hand it on to our readers.

Great Britain being a trading power comes in for a description which would be enough to sink the heart of a native into his shoes, if what he sees around him did not give a direct contradiction. Mr. Carey is one of those theorists to whom a quotation from a pamphlet is proof of anything which is the right thing. Our readers know that there is not a single point of our social system which is not bringing us to ruin as fast as the thing can be done. It is proved from Montalembert that the inordinate desire of public employment is making us a servile people: from the *Westminster Review* that we cringe to the strong and bully the weak. Lord Dalhousie, in 1852, convinces Mr. Carey that we cannot hope to maintain submission among the princes of India, if, for one day, we appear in an attitude of inferiority. Since this was written, we have found cordial

co-operation from Indian princes under a revolt which disorganized our native army throughout our most important Presidency, and drove us out of many of our most important stations. It is the nature of political prophecy to be signally falsified. Let any man start on the principle of doubting all that is strongly affirmed, and denying the possibility of all that is declared inevitable, and, though we would by no means guarantee his conclusions, we suspect that he would, on the whole, come out a more respectable politician than his neighbours.

Mr. Carey is very much disposed to begin from the infancy of society, to trace history down from the first man, and to light up the whole path with political economy. The first man, or rather the first pair, without knowledge and without supernatural guidance, is a monstrous fiction: it is Moses in the bulrushes with the part of Pharaoh's daughter omitted. Mr. Carey sees this; and whenever it is necessary to put his first man very definitely before his reader, he has recourse to Robinson Crusoe, a wife being supplied who was not known to Defoe. This helps him out of many a difficulty, and starts him upon the basis of Adam and Eve in a state of transmigration, with a stock of knowledge obtained from the previous state of existence. The Talmudists say that Adam was born thirty years old, speaking of his physical development: Mr. Carey begins with a mind of thirty years, and of thirty years of civilized society. Make political economy into an exact science, and it will very possibly give some help in tracing the history of society: but any attempt to apply the theoretical progress of man to the structure of the science is nothing but the *ignotum per ignotius*. It is the application of the unknown Neptune to the discovery of the law of gravitation. We are in great charity with books which, like Mr. Carey's, theorize with excessive boldness, when the author, as does Mr. Carey, possesses information and reasoning power. Our French master, no matter how long ago, not being acquainted with the niceties of our language, used to say to the class "We can afford to begin this over again" — meaning, we are not so well up that another trial will be a loss of time. And such, pretty nearly, is our private feeling towards Mr. Carey's kind of political economy.

FINE ARTS

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Layard has been intelligently indefatigable in putting off in the Arundel life-boat and rescuing very old masters, fast sinking into oozy Lethe, — or, to change the metaphor, he has taken a passionate header into the Italian Phlegethon of Art, a sort of corrosive lava sea where great things go to pieces and sink, and has brought up great treasures from the old forgotten galleon. The chief work saved is a grand and little-known altar-piece of Perugino's, which a young Umbrian artist, Signor Mariavelli, has beautifully copied in water-colours, with feeling and truth, and from which copy an admirable lithotint has been made. The coloured plate, itself as big as a bath cloth, the leader we hope of a series of re-duplicated frescoes and rare early works, is accompanied by witnesses and corroborators, in the shape of careful outlines, engraved by Signor Bartoccini, from tracings made after the original. As interesting to the whole world of Art, we subjoin Mr. Layard's carefully-written account of this picture: —

"On one of the wooded hills rising above the lake of Perugia stands the small town of Panicale. Its half-ruined walls and towers show that it was a fortified post of some importance during the middle ages. Away from the high roads leading to the principal cities of central Italy, it is seldom visited by the traveller, who would scarcely find it in the miserable shelter of an Italian 'osteria.' Yet, like almost every town and hamlet of this favoured land, it contains works of Art such as elsewhere would render a

city famous. Outside the walls, on an olive-clad eminence overlooking the town, is a convent of nuns. Attached to it is a chapel dedicated to S. Sebastian. The wall behind its high altar is covered with a fresco representing the martyrdom of the Saint. It is the work, and may be ranked amongst the finest, of a painter who, by his genius, and the influence he exercised upon his great contemporaries, forms an epoch in the history of Art — Pietro Vannucci, or, as he is more commonly called, from the city in which he principally laboured and founded his school, 'Il Perugino.' This noble work, although mentioned in most lives of the Painter, is unnoticed by his first biographer, Vasari. It has consequently been overlooked, even by those who have made the history of the Art of his period a study. My attention was first called to it by the Count Giancarlo Constable, a nobleman of fine taste and extensive knowledge, under the protection of whose ancestors Pietro himself painted, and who still proudly keeps, as the best heirloom of his family, one of Raphael's earliest and most lovely conceptions, the 'Staffa Madonna.' We rode to Panicale along the borders of the blue lake, through the oak-woods mirrored on its surface, and were hospitably entertained by Signor Mariani, who, as the medical officer of the commune, had lived there for many years. After examining most of the principal frescoes in Central Italy, I was surprised at the condition in which I found this painting. Although the highest development of the genius of the early Italian painters is to be found in their frescoes, of all their works they are those which have unfortunately suffered the most. Usually painted in the side-chapels or behind the principal altars of churches, they have been exposed to many sources of injury. The ill-repaired roof and walls admit the rain and damp. On festivals tawdry hangings are unmercifully nailed over them, the hammer and the ladder each having its share in the process of destruction. Then torches blaze round the shrines and blacken the walls during the sacred ceremonies. But neither the fumes of incense nor the smoke of candles have dimmed this master-piece of the Perugian Painter. The colour is still as bright and transparent as when first laid on the damp plaster, retaining that brilliancy which distinguishes true fresco-painting. The only injury the picture has sustained has been caused by large nails driven into the wall to suspend a veil with which it has been deemed becoming, as the chapel is attached to a convent, to cover the nude figure of the Saint. Of the numerous works of Pietro Perugino I scarcely know one that displays to greater advantage the peculiar characteristics of the master, the delicate tenderness of his colouring, the grace, verging on weakness, of his forms, the exquisite purity and sentiment of his heads, the general correctness of his drawing, and his somewhat scattered composition. It has all the best qualities of the Umbrian School, inherited by Pietro from his first instructors in the Art, Benedetto Bonfigli, of Perugia, and Niccolò Alunno, a native of Foligno, whose altar-pieces, remarkable for their glow of colour, and the simple beauty of their holy groups, still adorn the churches in the valley of the Tiber. But in it Pietro shows, at the same time, that he had been imbued with the spirit of that great school which flourished in Florence, and whose teachings he had early sought. It has less of his weakness and mannerism, and more of his strength, than most of his paintings, displaying those qualities which the genius of his immortal pupil at once culled from his works. The Martyr occupies the centre of the composition, and forms the principal object in it. He is bound to a porphyry column raised on a pedestal. The exquisite proportions of the figure, the admirable delineation of all its parts, show the study devoted by Pietro to the human form. The tender expression of devotion in the 'upturned head,' slightly inclined over the right shoulder, is peculiar to the school, but does not in this instance degenerate into affectation. The Painter has united in this beautiful figure, without exaggeration, the utmost grace with the deepest religious feeling. A more perfect and touching representation of the Christian Martyr could not be conceived. Wrapped in the contemplation of the holy vision of the Eternal Father, surrounded by Angels and Cherubim floating in the clouds above him, he shows no sense of bodily pain. That the spectator may alone contemplate the divine resignation of the Saint, the instruments of torture are kept as much as possible out of sight. How different this treatment of the subject from that of Pietro's contemporaries and of the earlier painters, who, by violent contortions of the body and countenance, or by a multitude of arrows and streams of blood, sought to represent the physical sufferings of the victim! How different, too, from that of the later masters, who chose a holy theme for mere anatomical display, and to prove their knowledge of the tricks of a school! Even the executioners seem to have imbibed the spirit of the Christian hero, and to perform their duty with melancholy tenderness. The heads of the archers are of singular beauty and grace — reminding us of Raphael. This resemblance is still further carried out in their attitudes and forms, and in the bright clear colouring. Two groups of spectators, sketched in that free and graceful manner peculiar to Pietro, occupy the background, and serve to complete the composition. The scene of the Martyrdom is represented in a magnificent hall. The Painter loved to introduce rich architectural ornaments into his works, and to show that knowledge of perspective which he had acquired from the greatest master of the science in that age, Pietro della Francesca. An open arcade is remarkable for the elegance of design which Pietro was at that time displaying in the decoration of the cathedral and principal buildings of his adopted city. Between the arches are seen the hills round Panicale and the distant blue lake, a calm, beautiful prospect, well befitting the subject, and rendered with singular tenderness and truth. On the pedestal supporting the Martyr is inscribed the name of the painter, and on the pillars of the arcade the date 1505. Pietro was then in the fifty-ninth year of his age. About ten years previously he had settled in Perugia, after his fame had been established by the execution of great works in Florence and in Rome. The city had conferred upon him

the right dignity of these ten the National he decorates adjoining the Mag powers of S. Se school in his mod been So They al perfect he execu him, an sequent which There for the still p From years emis mune carried Pietro on com of cle dom accep of the st be cif of Mar these Chur execu

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the right of citizenship, and had even raised him to the dignity of one of its ten 'Priori,' or magistrates. During these ten years he had painted his finest pictures, amongst them the altar-piece for the Certosa of Pavia, now in the National Gallery. In Perugia and the neighbouring towns he decorated the principal buildings and churches. The celebrated frescoes in the 'Cambio' or Exchange, and the adjoining chapel, were executed in 1500; the Adoration of the Magi at his native place, Citta della Pieve, in 1504. His powers were at their height when he painted the Martyrdom of S. Sebastian at Pancale. At this time the fame of his school had spread through Italy, and had brought to him his most distinguished scholars, L'Ingenio, Lo Spagna, Tiberio d'Assisi, and many others, whose paintings have been so frequently confounded with those of their master. They aided him in his great undertakings, and rendered them perfect and complete in their most minute details. Before he executed the fresco at Pancale, Raphael had already left him, and was probably painting in Florence or Siena. Consequently, there are no traces of his pencil in it. It is important to mention this fact, as there are parts of the picture which might otherwise be ascribed to that great painter. ** There is no record, I believe, of the sum received by Pietro for the Pancale fresco, but there is a curious correspondence still preserved in the archives of Pernigia relating to it. From these letters it appears that in the year 1507, or two years after its completion, the people of Pancale sent an emissary to the painter, requesting him to lend the commune some standards of silk painted with figures, to be carried in the annual procession of the 'Corpus Domini.' Pietro offered to paint fourteen expressly for the festival, on condition that they should be returned unless the balance of eleven florins, owing to him for the fresco of the Martyrdom of S. Sebastian, were previously paid. The Pancalese accepted the offer; and a receipt, dated the 1st September of the same year, shows that they paid the money and kept the standards. This is an instance, among many that could be cited, of the liberality of a painter whom Vasari accuses of meanness. Pietro Perugino repeated the subject of the Martyrdom of S. Sebastian more than once, introducing in these repetitions figures from the Pancale fresco. Amongst them may be mentioned a picture on panel, existing in the Church of San Francesco de' Conventuali, at Perugia, executed thirteen years later, when age had weakened his powers.

We heartily concur in this eulogy. There is a delicious, old-world simplicity and religious calm about this scene of martyrdom, painted by Raphael's master at his best period. There is something cheerful about the colour, as if a sense of Divine consolation were meant to make one forget all the torture of the doomed man, who as yet has no arrow in a vital place. The archers—in red and grey, pink and green, yellow and red, with tight-fitting hose and feathered caps—fill but do not crowd the picture. Except in one straining back, there is no timidity of drawing, and the faces are beautiful in outline, without the violence or bullying ferocity of Spagnoletti's executioners. In the large outlines, though the Saint's face is less confiding and resigned, there is a grand panther-like sweep of line that feeds the eye. —The 'Giotto Chapel, at Padua,' is interesting, with its dark blue roof powdered with stars, its pictured walls, and its downward looking saints and angels—the fictitious figures had better have been left out, for we want it as it is, not with old-woman Dantes and operatic Giottos. The two remaining Giottos have no great interest, except as closing the series. In spite of Chinese eyes and ill-drawn hands, there is always tenderness and dignity about Giotto.—The 'Last Supper' is memorable for the one Disciple with the ornamented robe and for the fondling love of the beloved Disciple. The 'Hiring Judas' is distinguished by a curious sort of devil, who looks like a giant Cochin-China fowl. The curious watch-box canary and Judas's fox-like face are most memorable.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY.

An earthquake, look you, is a parlous thing, whether it be on the slopes of the hot Andes or in the yellow flour of brimstone earth in the territories of our brother of Naples. It is like the lion which that pleasant bragger Bottom scientifically described as the most fearful wild fowl living. It is to illustrate the "curmuring" in the interior of the Basilicata that Messrs. Negretti & Zambra, those energetic Art publishers, have issued a set of stereoscopes, now lying before us, and which the photographer quaintly informs his public are a little dim and hazy, in consequence "of the incessant falling of ruins,"—a disagreeable interruption to your observant artist, who though he may be inclined sometimes to yield to the pressure from without, does not necessarily wish to be crushed to death in the pursuit of his beloved object. The great clouds of lava-like dust, hot and stifling, were

also objections not easily surmounted. Still, with all these hindrances, they are clear, sharp, bright, fresh and minute. Lucid as Gerard Dow, calm and thoughtful as De Hoogh, they are baffling and startling to the young artist, cheering, stimulating and instructive to the veteran.

Now, sitting a hard-trotting horse and riding an earthquake are two different things; and it is, travellers say, one of the most alarming and startling things in the world, though you have the heart of a Caesar and the nerves of a Bonaparte, to see an earthquake coming slowly and totteringly up the street to leave his card perhaps at your door. Yet ashamed of jesting on the destruction of thousands upon thousands of the unlucky inhabitants of the annihilated and vanished towns of the Basilicata, Laurenzano, Tito, Marsico Nuovo, and Brienza,—remembering Zermatt and the awful doom of Lisbon and the Caracas,—we pass on to the sober task of sketching from these startling views the exact form and semblance of the grave-cities ruins, trod on by the earthquake's heedless foot, just as children run over ant-hills, or crush frogs by chance with frightened step in the dark—shuffling the glossy-brown duplicates, so suggestive of pleasant flirtations and happy thoughtless evenings, though they are views of Nature's last chancery-house, and of her last bloodless battle,—where man, struck by his mighty unseen enemy, has perished without a blow. Here is the Church of St. Angelo della Trinità, where palace, hospital, barracks, Jesuit College, and cathedral, are all gone, with a decimation of their 10,000 inhabitants; and the prison, with its 800 shrieking inmates, who were shot at if they tried to escape from the falling and gaping cells. They could not be released without the king's consent, and he was too busy to send it. This shivered shrine is left alone as a monument of the capital city of the Basilicata, its square-pierced, indented tower, arched doorway, and long, corniced wall, stand alone to watch over the ruins and the death. Still the shadow dwelt under the arch, and the sunshine falls square-cut on the inner pillar. Then we go on to Polla, and see under the hills the Church of the Madonna di Loreto, built to commemorate the great earthquake of 1652; itself a white, dusty, shuffling mass of stones, beams and plaster,—the arches snapped, the roof yawning. Next St. Arsenio, where in half a minute—we believe at night—121 houses fell, and 520, with four churches, broke into dangerous ruin.

Here is Polla again; and we are opposite the Altare Maggiore in Holy Trinity Church, round which 2,000 people perished—Bomba's paternal care not encouraging any attempts to recover them for nearly fifteen days. Gilt capitals and shell-work and scrolls still remain amid the ruins; here the plaster is stripped off the walls, and great beams lie across the sky-opening and past the altar-piece; and there are ominous veins and cracks ramifying through the walls, while a tawdry shrine and pillar still remain, in mockery of the mysterious motive power. Then comes Marsico Nuovo with its unroofed tower, bulging walls, and window-frames cutting against the sky. From Polla we go to Portosa, where the very road was carried a distance of 200 yards; where the town is a battle-field of building materials; and where childless beggars weep and rave among the dusty ruins. Then follows Atenea, where 932 houses out of 1,600 fell, and nearly all the 3,760 inhabitants perished; where the ruined rooms now yawn like dark altars; and where the town, never to be rebuilt, is choked with débris. The view of Vignola is interesting, especially as, although sacked and two-thirds ruined, the church of Sta. Maria Maggiore (miracle, of course), wedged up with low, strong houses, though rent and cracked, still stands, with tower chopped in two, and parting and seamed wall. At St. Pietro, a suburb of Polla, 187 houses fell and 374 were destroyed or marred; strong pillars, a grated window, an arch, are all that is to be seen now, whole and entire. The view of Tito, where some 35,000 people perished, and in the country around which roams a starving, houseless multitude of 200,000 beggars, is beautiful with the remains of the once vast cathedral and the dim far-distance. The broad,

sharp, plain arches, and the scraps of ornament about them, are as affecting as the straw crown and dandel flowers that beggared Lear wore, and took for crown-jewels. This country, perhaps never to be inhabited, will become a Neapolitan Campagna,—a dwelling for the fox and for the owl,—the only place in the Neapolitan Utopia safe from spy, thief, beggar, and soldier.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The arrangements for giving Edinburgh a National Gallery of Art are nearly matured. The building is completed, and the Treasury has appointed the first officers,—the keeper being Mr. Johnstone of the Scottish Academy, who is of approved judgment for such a post. The Trustees of the Board of Manufactures will hereafter appoint and pay salaries, &c. from their funds. These will be relieved of the cost of the School of Design, which is to be affiliated with the Science and Art Department. The Edinburgh School of Design has hitherto held an insulated position, apart from all other schools, and has not competed with them. Standing thus aloof, its cost has been at the rate of 6/- or so per student for every one learning only drawing, whilst the average cost in Schools of Art is only 14/-.

The Council of the Birmingham Society of Artists are making efforts to take up a larger and stronger position than they have yet occupied. The Queen's visit—the opening of Aston Hall—the completion of the Birmingham and Midland Institute—by which latter event the School of Design will take possession of part of the new building in Paradise Street, and the Society of Artists will remove to the building now occupied by the School of Design, in New Street—have stirred them up; and the Members of the Society of Artists are making fresh appeals to the public for support. The Society of Artists desire to become an Academy of Art. "The constitution of the Society," we are told, "provides not only for the holding of an Annual Exhibition of Pictures and Sculpture, but also for the establishment of a School of Painting, and for the study of the Antique, a Life Academy, and for Lectures on Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and other kindred subjects, on the plan adopted by the Royal Academy. Thus the Society has always contemplated the foundation of a School of Art in the widest sense, the benefits of which may be directly shared by the public, as well as by persons who intend to practise Art as a profession." The Society possesses neither suitable rooms, nor adequate funds, for the accomplishment of these objects; but the rooms which they are about to obtain in New Street will afford accommodation for Classes and Exhibitions to be carried on at the same time. As a means of giving new life to the Society—and of creating an interest in its affairs beyond the limits of Birmingham—the Council propose to start, as it were afresh, this year, with a really good Exhibition—if they can possibly procure the pictures to form it. We wish them every success.

Mr. W. Cave Thomas, well known by his fresco designs and paintings of a refined but somewhat severe style, has been nominated to succeed Mr. George Scharf as Professor of Pictorial Art at the Queen's College, London. The increasing duties as Secretary of the National Portrait Gallery have principally led to Mr. Scharf's resignation.

The Rev. Dr. Wellesley's *Marc Antonios*, which comprised many of the leading productions of that eminent artist, have been dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, at extraordinarily high prices. The following may be cited among the more important examples:—Noah directed by the Almighty to build the Ark, 29/- 10s.—David and Goliath, before the tablet, 28/- 10s.—The Last Supper, after Raphael, 28/- 10s.—The Madonna lamenting over the Dead Body of Christ, after Raphael, 38/-,—the same design, engraved a second time, with the right arm draped, 51/-.—St. Paul preaching at Athens, 22/-.—Martha and Mary ascending the Steps of the Temple, 14/-.—Madonna and Child, with Tobit and the Angel, 13/-.—Madonna and Child, after Raphael, 14/-.—Holy Family, called 'La Vierge au Berceau,' 14/-.—The Five Saints, 20/-.—Martyrdom of Sta. Felicità, 33/-.—Lucretia, after Raphael, 76/- 13s.—Cleop-

patra, 377.—Judgment of Paris, 637.—Orpheus and Eurydice, 497.—Venus, Cupid, and Minerva, 137. 5s.—Venus and Cupid, in a niche, 157.—Venus, in a crouching attitude, 147. 5s.—Apollo and Daphne, 137.—Apollo Belvidere, 171.—Galatea, after Raphael, 447.—the so-called Dream of Raphael, 267.—Poetry, after Raphael, 487.—Peace, after Raphael, 457.—Female meditating, 167.—La Cassolette, 227. 10s.—Portrait of Raphael in a cloak, 227. 10s.—Portrait of Pietro Aretino, 177.—Lucretia, standing in a niche (before the alterations), by Giacomo Francia, 627. Total, 1,735. 18s. 6d.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Regent Street and Piccadilly.—In consequence of the great and increasing success with which the performances of THE SWEDISH NATIONAL SINGERS, who will have the honour of giving a Grand MORNING PERFORMANCE at the above new and magnificent Hall, on MONDAY, July 10, to commence at Three o'clock precisely. Charge of Programme, New Songs, &c., concluded with a la belle Helene, and a short intermission, strictly regulated. Price, Sixpence Seats, 2s.; Galleries, 1s.; to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 53, Old Bond Street; at all the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses; and at the St. James's Hall, from Eleven till Four (Piccadilly entrance).

THE SWEDISH NATIONAL SINGERS, at the St. JAMES'S HALL, in their Native Costume, nine in number, who have had the honour of appearing before Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, will give a Series of Morning and Evening CONCERTS at the above Hall (entrance in Piccadilly), commencing MONDAY MORNING, July 10, and every day during the week (except Sundays), at Three o'clock. Morning Performances, Mondays and Saturdays, at Three o'clock; upon which occasions they will be assisted by Mdlle. Sophie Hünner, the extraordinary Performer upon the Violin, and the Pupil of Alard, of the Paris Conservatoire; and M. Charles Hale, the Accordionist. Accompany, Mr. George Loder, Staats (Numbered), Six Unreserved Seats, 2s.; Galleries, 1s. To be had of the principal Music-sellers, and at the Piccadilly entrance of the Hall. Doors open at half-past Two, Morning, and half-past Seven, Evening.

MR. LOUIS RAKEMANN begs respectfully to announce, that he will give a CONCERT of CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC on THURSDAY MORNING, July 15, at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, to commence at Three o'clock precisely, when he will be assisted by Mr. Joseph Joachim, Violin; Messrs. Webb and Paque, Viola and Violoncello; and Mr. Charles Hale, Pianoforte. Programme, Six Pianoforte Pieces, and Six Violin and Horn Sonatas quasi Fantasia, in C sharp minor; Bach, Prelude and Fugue for Violin; Mozart, Duo for Pianoforte, in F minor; Mendelssohn, Capriccio in E, Op. 33, for Piano; and Beethoven, Sonata for Violin and Piano, Op. 30, in A—Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea. Unreserved, 7s., to be had at Messrs. Cramer & Basile; Messrs. Chappell & Co.'s; and Messrs. Scott & Co., Regent Street.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.
VOCAL MUSIC.

Let us here deal with some miscellaneous English songs. "The wind is fair, good bye," by John Hullah (Addison & Co.), is like all its writer's later ballads, at once characteristic and refined in its melody. But what singer, supposing her the most delicate of declaimers, can convey to her hearers the sense of such words as these, set to a continuous *barcarole* air?—

She glanced o'er the mead, she looked at the sky,
"To-morrow you quit the shore,"
No sigh from her breast, no tear in her eye,
"We never may see you more."
"Good bye!"—the wind is fair, good bye!"

—Even with the aid of typography, the alternation of "she" and "you" makes the song a bit of hard reading. Thus the verses are ineligible for music. —Mr. Hullah's excellent setting of "The Sands of Dee" (same publishers) to Mr. Kingsley's wild and mournful ballad from "Alton Locke" may be appealed to as warrant that sense and clearness go for something, even when the thing is merely a song. A more picturesque melody, one more thoroughly English, yet for all that neither lean nor frivolous (as shallow foreign critics have been used to say) has been rarely written. —"To-morrow" (Davison & Co.), —"I'll woo thee in the summer time," —"Good bye," —"Whither," the words translated from the German by Longfellow (Chappell & Co.), —"Slumber, darling! slumber!" and "The Last Good Night" (Boosey & Sons), are by Charles I. Hargitt. Among these songs, the fourth and the last may be singled out as above the average. The poem of "Whither" is more in the vague German taste than we fancy can be rendered in music with any satisfaction, save to German listeners; but the melody is flowing and the accompaniment elegant. Of its kind, this is a good song.—Of "Broken Vows," by Francesco Berger (Addison & Co.), we spoke when Miss Dolby sang the song;—we may command it again, now that it is published, as more than ordinarily elegant.—"The Chain of Flowers," by Harold Thomas (Olivier & Co.), has a pleasing and not

commonplace melody, in the national style. Any *mezzo-soprano* in want of a ballad may go further and fare worse.—Here we advert to the publication of Part V. of *Old English Ditties, selected from Chappell's Collection of Popular Music of the Olden Time*, arranged, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by G. A. Macfarren (Cramer & Co.).—This, like its predecessors, is full of interest—think what we may concerning proofs of parentage as regards ancient music—and the accompaniments are thoroughly well done.

Mrs. Bartholomew succeeds better in vocal than in instrumental music, as two numbers of her *Six Sacred Songs* (Olivier) show. Wherefore will she choose her words so badly? Kelly's "What is Life?" verges on jingle, and jingle in a sacred song is not lovely.

Descending lower in the scale of merit, we arrive at a most elegantly liveried volume, called *The Bridal Album*, containing a dozen of superfine, super-sweet ballads, "dressed in yellow, pink, and blue," with lithographs by Mr. Kenny Meadows, fascinating enough to give terrible heart-aches to bachelors and rejected persons. About the best of these, in point of music, are, "The Daughters of Eve," by Mr. Wallace, —"Norah, darling, don't believe them," by Mr. Balfé, the real Irish melody, —and Mr. J. L. Hatton's "Hope, sweet hope." By aid of these three songs alone, any Bridegroom and Bride, having tolerable voices and good intentions, may get tunefully through the honeymoon.

We will now enumerate, as among the bubbles of the moment, *The Music of England*, by a Manchester Man (Emery & Co.), —"A maiden I love dearly," by G. A. Macfarren, and "Oh! for a husband," by Frank Mori (Cramer & Co.), —"Where art thou?" by J. W. Parker (Duff & Hodgson), —"The Old Willow Tree," by S. J. St. Leger (Davison & Co.), —"The Plant of Beauty," by Ellen Avery (Olivier), came to us highly commended in a long letter, which we were tempted to print, as being more original than the song.—"The heart that trusteth ever" (Metzler & Co.), is by Miss Ellen L. Glascock.—Descending to the very lowest step, we merely announce the new edition of *Lays, Melodies, and National Airs, &c., &c.*, arranged by R. Andrews (Partridge & Co.), being an excerpt from "The Family Vocalist," with which no member of any musical or poetical family need trouble himself.

By way of return to something better, though it may not lead us to the highest places of vocal composition, let us mention the "Inspirazioni Italiani," six Songs and one Duett, by A. Cunio (Wessel & Co.). The name of this writer is new to us, but we fancy it is one which might make itself heard after those of Signori Gordigiani and Mariani, and—who knows?—as a name by itself and original, when the school-days of imitation, in which so many musicians have begun, shall have passed. In all these "inspirations" there is a certain pretension to completeness,—a certain protest against commonplace, which speak well for their writer's ambition. In all the melody is somewhat worn, but a Donizetti, who began among the worn melodies of his "Esule di Roma," and "Anna Bolena," ended by the deliciously fresh serenade in "Don Pasquale,"—by the final duett (an inspiration) in "La Favorite." This collection is worth looking after, and warrants hope (supposing its writer be young) in all familiar with the growth and transformation of many aspirants who have won reputation as the writers of Italian vocal music.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The vast concert of two thousand five hundred executants, held yesterday week at Sydenham, which attracted an audience of twenty thousand persons, offered abundance of matter for comment. It was hardly possible, on such an occasion, to avoid glancing back to the innocent Berlin Professor's question put in our hearing at Cologne, as to whether there were any chorus-singers in England,—impossible to forbear recognizing the immense diffusion of knowledge, taste, and skill, in every corner of the kingdom,—to ignore what well-directed discipline has done,—and to avoid expecting what more may come in the progress of years. If no single English performance can be polished as finely as certain foreign exhibi-

tions, to which months of undivided energy are devoted, it is much to have lived to see the average of execution so surely and so steadily rising as is our case. The effect produced by yesterday week's concert was similar to that of last year. The audience was held, perhaps, too largely forgotten that when a company of twenty thousand has to listen, it is impossible that all can hear precisely the same thing. At the outset, too, there may have been the old disappointment at the want of force in the mass of choral sound. How the impression of numbers among the executants grew with every chorus performed, it would be hard to describe or explain. Such (at least to ourselves) was the fact. That no small amount of force, however, is lost, and that the thousand musicians do not produce the effect they should do, even in the nave at Sydenham, is past doubt; and we are instructed that before the Handel meeting in 1859 takes place when a force of four thousand musicians is to be gathered, important changes are to be made, with the view of improving the sonority. As the case stands, a meeting like that of the 2nd of July must be found remarkable as a demonstration by all whose expectations are subject to reason.

We must now glance at the *programme*; noting such features and effects as distinguished this concert. The chorus was generally excellent and steady (least so, perhaps, in Handel's "When his loud voice," from "Jephtha"). The unaccompanied close of Mendelssohn's "He watching over Israel" was beautifully given, though the contrast which it introduces was lessened by the effacement of the triplet accompaniment of violins,—which was hardly audible where we sat. On the other hand, the "Sanctus" from "Elijah" came out in all its luminous and aerial grandeur,—the principal soprano notes (Madame Novello's) rising fresh and clear above the choir of seemingly countless voices. Signor Costa's chorus, "The Lord is good" (from "Eli") was another success; the harp accompaniment in it telling with welcome distinctness. Mr. Sime Reeves had to sing the war song from "Eli" twice, the unreasonable twenty thousand people not choosing to accept any denial. The other most striking pieces were Mozart's "Ave verum" (where the ebb and flow of sound were rich and excellently sweet),—Mendelssohn's unaccompanied Part-song (*encore*),—that march of all choral marches, "See the conquering hero," the effect of which is stupendous when thus given (also *encore*),—and the quiet "Placido il mar," from "Idomeneo," with Madame Lemmens Sherrington taking the solo part.—To sum up, within its own conditions, this concert was entirely successful. Taste, we know, has strange vagaries. Such things were to be heard of as reverend guests, "close buttoned to the chin," strong in the second-hand Pagan grimness of St. Gregory and St. Ambrose, who found Handel's choruses vulgar. Nor were those pleasant elders wanting whose receipt for a chorus is ten voices to a part (how the orchestra is to be made up in any proportion being a matter too unimportant to claim attention). Let such connoisseurs enjoy their selectness; but let it not be imagined that willingness to appreciate what is grandiose in these vast gatherings (the very nature of which prevents their being frequently effected), in the least stuns or deadens the ear to music on a more delicate scale, or within more modest dimensions. Those whose enjoyments take the largest range enjoy the most keenly, we are satisfied; nor less are we convinced that apart from the figure made on paper by such celebrations, and apart from the picture offered by them to the eye—which is scenically striking in no common degree—they have a character, a beauty, and a function of their own, though naturally these cannot be yet worked out to the utmost by those who project and those who direct them.

MR. HALLE'S CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Mozart's Double Concerto in E flat major.—This unfamiliar composition, performed by Mr. Halle and Miss Arabella Goddard, with complete accompaniments on a small scale, closed Mr. Halle's concert-giving season with great spirit. Why a work of such interest should have been so long overlooked it seems hard to account for. The second and third

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movements are full, not merely of lovely music (when Mozart's hand was weariest and most careless it could never trace an unlovely line—one contested quartett introduction excepted), but they are instrumented with intelligent delicacy. Then, they afford a pair of pianists excellent opportunities for display, yet do not tax them with any insurmountable difficulties. The texture and climax of the *finale* is, in every sense of the words, spirited and masterly. In the *adagio* it is possible the composer may have forgotten the left hand of his players too thoughtlessly. The opening *allegro* has more of the hoop and the train, and the powdered head of the *rococo* "lesson for the spinet," than the succeeding movements,—but it is not so long as to be oppressive; and it is full of thoughts and passages which are graceful after their kind. The audience (a significantly large one, the date of the season considered) seemed thoroughly to enjoy this fine work on Thursday; so did the players, to judge by the unity and spirit with which they rendered it.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Signor Verdi's "Nino"—the first *finale* of which contains its composer's best specimen of "sound and fury"—was sung to "the top of its noise" on Tuesday last by Signori Beneventano, Mercuriali, and Vialetti,—

the occasion being the solitary appearance (so far as the season has gone) of Mlle. Spezia. The lady seems neither to have gained nor lost in any respect during the long period of repose. *Abigaille* is one of her best parts. Without intruding beyond our warrant into the mysteries of management, it may be noticed as singular that a *prima donna*, after having been flattered up to the skies last year (and down from the skies also by that shower of bouquets so profusely nourished in the celestial regions of *Her Majesty's Theatre*) should this season have been so completely laid on the shelf. People will have memories, and let the "star" installed for the moment be ever so dazzling, opera-goers will not avoid asking what metamorphosis can have taken place to turn the treasure of one season into next year's trash. Shall we see the same decline and fall in regard to Mlle. Tietjens, should some new *prima donna* arrive whom it is more profitable for the moment to produce and to caress? The policy pursued at *Her Majesty's Theatre* is not wise. In any other establishment M. Belart, one of the most promising and effective tenors who has lately appeared, would have been turned to account, encouraged to add what is wanting, and to finish his performances by intercourse with a public never false to artists who are so true as he is. But M. Belart, too, has been carelessly and sparingly brought forward, while Signor Giuglini has been remorselessly overworked, as the state of his voice testifies. We heard the other day on good authority that attempts have been made to invite Mr. Sims Reeves back to *Her Majesty's Theatre*, to which our tenor has wisely turned a deaf ear. Who shall wonder at the caprices of artists, themselves so capriciously treated:—one month raised to the seventh heaven of Fools' Paradise, and the next, it may be, all but "put to the door"?—Tuesday's proceedings in the Vice Chancellor's Court confirmed a rumour which has been long in circulation that *Her Majesty's Theatre* is no longer the property of Mr. Lumley, having been sold by him two years ago to Lord Ward.

PRINCESS'S.—An old work of M. Scribe's—the "Ètre Aimé ou Mourir"—has been adapted for this stage by Mr. J. M. Morton, under the title of "Dying for Love." The hero, who makes himself ridiculous by threatening suicide, in order to frighten a married lady into compliance, is called *Harry Thornton*, and is acted with abundant vivacity and extravagance by Mr. David Fisher—the lady herself finding an effective representative in Miss Heath. *Mrs. Mangle* has had a similar affair previously, when a young man was said to have thrown himself from a summit in Switzerland for her sake; but in the course of the piece that same young man re-appears, under the name of *Captain Fickleton* (Mr. G. Everett), as the lover of a *Mrs. Lorimer* (Miss Murray). Convinced by this, that to refuse an obtrusive young gentleman is not so serious an affair after all, *Mrs. Mangle* turns the

tables on her new lover, and properly treats his passion as an absurdity. To escape from the ridicule that awaits him on all sides, Thornton at length wisely determines to desist from his attempt. The piece closes abruptly. Having excited considerable laughter, and the action suddenly coming to a stand-still, the curtain is summoned to descend, and it descends accordingly. The farce was succeeded by the revival of "The Merchant of Venice," which appears to increase in its attraction.

OLYMPIC.—The company of this theatre has been strengthened by the accession of Mr. Lewis Ball, an actor of quiet humour, who has won a considerable reputation at Sadler's Wells. On Saturday he performed the part of *Wyndham* in Mr. Planche's comedietta of "The Handsome Husband." His unostentatious style of acting, at first, took the audience by surprise; but as its various excellencies developed themselves, a degree of sympathy was kindled which led to a stronger appreciation of the actor's merit, and a confirmed success. No doubt he will find his place in the company, and by his refined and delicate style exercise a beneficial influence on the stage in general.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—We have now before us *programmes* of the Hereford and Birmingham Festivals: the former with full details. At Hereford, the artists engaged are Mesdames Novello and Viardot, Mrs. Weiss, Mrs. Hepworth, Miss Vinning, Miss Lascelles; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Weiss and Thomas. On the first, or "service," morning, the principal features will be Handel's *Dettingen* "Te Deum," a "Jubilate" by Mr. Townsend Smith, and an *Anthem* by the Rev. Sir Frederick Ouseley. The oratorio, on the first day, is to be "Elijah"; on the second, a selection from Mendelssohn's "Athalia," Signor Rossini's "Stabat," with English words, and part of "The Creation"; on the third, "The Messiah." Some attempt to improve the evening performances seems to have been made, by making a main part of each concert consist of a selection from an opera; the three chosen being "La Clemenza," "Semiramide," "Lucrezia Borgia."—The music laid out for the Birmingham Festival has already been mentioned:—we may add, however, to former notices, that at the Tuesday's concert will be given "Acis and Galatea," with additional accompaniments by Signor Costa; on the Wednesday, Mendelssohn's *cantata* "The Sons of Art"; on the Thursday, Signor Costa's *serenata*, written for the late royal wedding. The list of engagements is liberal, though we are not reconciled to the total abnegation of instrumental *solo* music—believing, for instance, that a violin *concerto*, played by Herr Joachim, would be as popular in 1858 as used to be M. De Beriot's *Concerto*, with its *Rondo à la Russe*, without which no provincial festival was held complete thirty years ago. The singers are to be Mesdames Novello, Viardot, Albini and Castellan. We understand that the last lady will take part in Mr. H. Leslie's "Judith," together with Madame Viardot, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti. Rarely has any English work enjoyed the advantage of so strong a cast as this. In completion of the list of singers, we must name Miss Balfe and Miss Dolby, Signori Tamberlik and Ronconi, Messrs. Montem Smith and Weiss.

The principal works to be executed at Leeds are, "Elijah," "The Seasons," "The Messiah," a selection from the "Passions-Musik" of Bach, Signor Rossini's "Stabat," and Prof. Bennett's new *May Cantata*. We perceive, too, that the visit of Her Majesty to open the new Hall there has been "worked" by way of swelling the subscription to the Musical Festival,—as those who take tickets for the oratorios will be admitted to see Royalty with all her train. This is not well—hardly respectful to Her Majesty;—and it implies a confusion of things with some of which music has nothing to do.

Though the Crystal Palace will, apparently, "keep up the ball" of concert-giving so long as any music is to be had (Mr. Best's organ-playing being an attraction not to be overlooked) our concert season may virtually be considered as at an end; having raged with unexampled fierceness, and

closed with an abruptness as singular.—Besides the entertainments which merit a separate notice, we may mention here the concert given in association by *M. Jules Lefort* and *Herr Engel* (whose instrument is the Harmonium, —one, too, by *Mlle. Hortense Parent*, under very high patronage, —one for the benefit of the German Hospital, by *Madame Amalie Oxford*, —another by *Signor Guglielmi*.

We are obliged by the following correction of a slip of the pen—ascrivable in part to the haste of the season, in part to the absence of a library of old Italian operas for reference:—

Why do you ascribe the opera of "La Serva Padrona," as played at *Her Majesty's Theatre* to *Pergolesi*? The bills and all other critics state *Paisiello* to be the author. *Pergolesi*, it is true, composed an opera under the same title many years before, and his work was much admired at the time; but the opera now performed in London appears to have been written by *Paisiello* when in Russia, 1776 to 1785. It was performed at the King's Theatre, Haymarket, in May 1794.

While, as persons alive to the splendours of stage presentation, we must recognize the sumptuousness and taste with which "Martha" has been put on the stage at the *Royal Italian Opera*,—while we have chronicled that the opera bids fair to please, we cannot, on returning to M. von Flotow's music, (in the score published by M. Brandus) admit that it merits any mention more serious than such as belongs to this column of talk. It sounded to us poor on the stage when it was, years ago, produced, in London, by a German company,—and poor last year at Vienna when we heard it given with Mlle. Tietjens, Madame Cailliau and Herr Ander as principal singers,—and poor last week, in spite of Madame Bosio's finish and Signor Mario's sweetness,—and it seems to us to "come out" poorer still if considered as a comic opera in the French style. Compare it (to illustrate) with "Les Mousquetaires" of M. Halévy,—with "Le Père Gaillard" of M. Reber, and the tenacity of its texture must be felt as unredeemed by any remarkable prettiness or gaiety. The best numbers are the spinning quartett, the "good night" quartett in the *finale*, No. 10, (which is luscious and dreamy), and *Lionel's aria* "M'appari" (which suits Signor Mario to perfection). The slow *motivo*, too, in $\frac{3}{4}$, used in the overture and later in the opera, is elegant. Such other *cantabile* as exists in "Martha" belongs to "The Groves of Blarney"—"rhymed and twirled" (as Walpole says of Pope's garden) by Moore into "The Last Rose of Summer." It is perfectly true that M. Meyerbeer has shown us, in "L'Étoile," that an opera can exist almost entirely without *cantabile*: but this is explicable by a variety, an adroitness and a perpetual piquancy on the part of M. Meyerbeer—of which we do not find "an inkling" either vocal, choral, or orchestral in M. von Flotow. His market choruses are bustling without sparkle. His lively music (even in the spinning quartett, where the merriment is principally addressed to the eye, which amuses itself with the *staccato* motions of two male spinners,) falls short somehow of the last liveliness. It is dead, not still, *champagne*. For a time, however, "Martha" may keep the stage, especially when it is scenically presented with such perfection as at the *Royal Italian Opera*.—"Il Trovatore" was given, for the first time in the new theatre, on Monday evening.

Madame Lind-Goldschmidt has arrived in England.—Madame Frezzolini has returned to Europe from America; so also, from South America, has Madame Lorini, known in her maiden days in London as Mlle. Vera, of whose progress, especially as an actress, we have heard from many quarters.

It seems evident, from the dead silence on the subject, that M. Meyerbeer is not at the *Opéra Comique* de Paris rehearsing his strange work which has no chorus, as was undertaken he should be long ere this. Thus, no new production is to be expected from him during the current year. This places that declining theatre in a "predicament." The last revival there has been "Le Valet de Chambre," with music by Signor Carafa, whose "Aure felice" was, some thirty-five years ago, the delight of amateurs, and who was at the head of a military music-school in Paris, till that establishment was

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